

July 29, 1959

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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Spring
Fashions

pages 29-35

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 29, 1959

Vol. 27, No.

Our cover

Two gay, young short-skirted evening dresses introduce the spring fashion color section from pages 29 to 35. The strapless dress with a shorter harem overskirt, on the left, is from the Pierre Cardin collection. Yves Saint-Laurent of Maison Dior designed the gown on the right.

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The Weekly Round

The accent is on fashion in our paper this week. On the page opposite we announce our spectacular Paris parades, on pages 4 and 5 is a story of models round the world, and from page 29 to 35 are superb spring fashions.

NATURALLY, all the staff is well informed about what to wear this spring.

Fashion writers have been wandering round the office, gazing critically at winter dresses and being dogmatic about spring clothes.

"Wide belts cinching a tiny waist," they say. "The rounded 'hippy' look. Shoulder-line interest. Curves."

Well, it's farewell to the chemise and the trapeze—for the time being, anyway—and we don't think any man will be sorry.

Women are. The shapeless look was so comfortable—and waistlines have spread.

With a figure regained by exercise, one reporter was saying she didn't have any clothes currently fashionable.

"Good grief," said a man. "There's nothing to it. You can just put a belt round one of those chemise things, can't you?"

LETTERS full of problems from purely domestic to blighted romance pour in each day for Louise Hunter.

This week she got a note from a little girl with a problem and didn't have to open the letter to find out its cause.

The letter was addressed, "Boy No. 4088," instead of "Box No. 4088."

RUDOLPH TAYLOR, in real life John Tranter, of Brighton, Victoria, who wrote the amusing story, "My Fair Landlady" (pages 22, 23), is a proud father.

He and his wife have decided to call their first child, a daughter, Shaynee.

John says: "She's beautiful, like her mother."

"A Man For Every Woman," a fascinating book by Dr. Richard H. Klemmer, an American doctor of philosophy, begins in our next issue. Dr. Klemmer says: "There is a man for every single woman—if she really wants him."

NEXT WEEK

Dressmaking is made easy in a 48-page lift-out dressmaking supplement by American expert Lucille Rivers in our next issue. Miss Rivers lectures in Sydney from August 3 to August 8. The supplement contains her five lectures and is illustrated with more than 140 simple diagrams. Sydney times, page 7.

We bring you...

PARIS IN THE SPRING

● The most breathtaking collection of French haute couture clothes ever brought to Australia will be here in September-October for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Parades.

WE are proud to bring Australian women this new insight into the world of high fashion... high fashion with a special Australian appeal, because many of the ensembles are made in exquisite French cottons.

Translated into a series of exciting couture designs, cotton is shown as one of today's most versatile fabrics.

In arranging the parades we had the co-operation of members of the Societe Francaise des Textiles and of the great designers.

There are gossamer tulle confections, and glamorous dresses in organdie, linen, pique, chiffon, silk, shantung.

Couturiers contributing are Dior, Balmain, Carven, Cardin, Heim, Lanvin, Griffe, Laroche, Patou, and Nina Ricci.

Betty Keep, our fashion editor, flew to Paris to choose the collection, which is valued at £25,000.

And to show it we are flying four French mannequins to Australia. They will be joined by two Sydney girls, Margo McKendry and Ursula Klamet.

The parades will be held at Myer's in Melbourne (September 19-October 1), Brisbane (October 17-22), and Adelaide (October 24-29), and Mark Foy's in Sydney (October 3-15).

Next week: Betty Keep describes how she chose our collection.

NUIT DE CHINE, a white embroidered pique "grande toilette" gown by Balmain, which will be shown at our parades. It is worn by Elsa, one of our Paris models.



AUSTRALIAN Pauline Kiernan has whittled down her figure to meet New York's "skinny-girl" requirements and is now in the top-model bracket.

THE LOOK . . .

*Models seem ethereal
but at £500 a week
they won't be broke*

THE fragile, touch-me-and-I'll-break look—the look of pale, pale faces with enormous eyes, with mouths and eyebrows played right down to a minimum—is THE LOOK for glamor in 1959.

It's the look that is everywhere in New York, the Mecca for models the world over.

Before arriving in America recently I'd heard there was a demand for a fresher, plumper type of model: that the traditional skinny, starved look was on its way out.

But I soon found this wasn't so.

Eileen Ford, who with her husband runs the largest model agency in New York, assured me: "The skinny girl is always in demand and always will be. A thin girl photographs much better, as the camera always enlarges."

And this sums up the picture very well.

To model in New York a girl must be tall and thin: height, 5ft. 7in. to 5ft. 9½in.; bust 32 to 33; waist 20 to 22; hips 33 to 33½.

Many of the world's most successful models have gone on "starvation" diets to whittle their figures to these proportions because New York is where fame and fortune lie.

All the toplineers sooner or later make their way there, for nowhere else in the world is there so much work for models or such high fees waiting to be earned.

Leading English and European models cross the Atlantic each year, and during their three or four months' stay make a fantastic amount of money—averaging 1000 dollars (about £A475) a week.

All the top models work through an agency.

This is largely because they're practically run off their feet with jobs and just haven't got time to cope with the arrangements.

Those who land the big-time modelling jobs in New York are in the game for only one reason: money.

These girls are professionals, and with them modelling is big, big business.

They don't regard it as an interesting sideline, they don't

care if they're never recognised in the glossy fashion magazines, they don't want their names to become household words.

All that matters is that the client knows their name when he phones the agency.

The dynamic New York husband-and-wife team, Jerry and Eileen Ford, started in a very small way about 14 years ago.

Now they're world-famous, and last year turned over 1½ million dollars in model fees.

The Fords specialise in photographic models—very rarely does the agency take a booking for a mannequin parade or TV.

The 70 or 80 top models in New York work for them and they do everything for their girls—find them apartments, lend them money, solve their problems, treat them as members of the family.

Top models work on a rate of 60 dollars an hour, others get 20 to 40 dollars an hour. And they all have bookings from 9 a.m. till late in the afternoon.

The highest-paid model with the Fords is red-haired Suzy Parker, who gets 120 dollars an hour.

Suzy has made several movies, but as Eileen Ford says: "She makes much more money modelling, so as soon as shooting has finished in Hollywood Suzy flies right back to New York."

Most of the models are between 25 and 35, and those with families often work only two or three days a week.

They can make such fantastic money in those few days they feel it's foolish to overwork for more.



IN LONDON, Sydney models June Massey (left), Joanne Fuller, and Margrette Eckhardt exchange gossip with June Dally-Watkins (second from right).



JENNIFER HOWLAND, formerly of Sydney, who is modelling in New York, shown with her children.



IN NEW YORK June Dally-Watkins discusses problems of models and the latest look in make-up with Eileen Ford, who with her husband, Jerry, runs the largest of the many agencies which are prospering in this bustling Mecca for models.

Oh-so-fragile



By **JUNE DALLY-WATKINS**,
who runs her own model agency in Sydney
and recently returned from overseas.

To hit this high-spot in modelling success you certainly don't have to be a beauty, but you must be striking and different.

The top liners aim to look completely different in every picture.

They realise — and rightly — that people who engage models get tired of seeing the same face too often.

If they can have a change of face for every picture their modelling career will go on and on.

Bag of tricks

When she arrives for an assignment, every model carries in her bag a complete set of underwear (always white), false bosoms if necessary, extra stockings, junk jewellery, plain black pumps with high heels, and a pair of plain black flaties.

She also has hair-curlers and pins and a can of setting-lotion, in case a new hairstyle is needed.

And, of course, all the leading models have at least one wig or switch of hair to match their own locks.

(Wigs cost from 300 dollars upwards and a switch from 100 dollars up.)

They usually turn up for an assignment wearing a plain little dress and no make-up whatsoever. And as they are then you wouldn't look at them once, let alone twice.

But when they step out of the dressing-room, all set to face the camera, wow!

With their artfully painted faces, wigs, and switches of hair, they look like ethereal creatures from another world.

Most of the girls buy their make-up from the Model Shop in New York, which makes and matches products specially for them — it's marketed under the trade-name Dieder.

And this is the routine they follow to obtain that pale, iridescent look which photographs like a pearly dream:

- Firstly on goes the liquid foundation, a mauve shade matched to the skin tone.
- A black shadow in a stick form is blended in high above the eyes to give an arched look.
- White "cover-up" stick is applied to any skin discoloration, to dark shadows under the eyes, or to bring out deep-set eyes.
- A darker foundation base removes a full chin, a wide jawline, or hollows out too-rounded cheeks.
- An "illusion wand" with a shader and a blender on either end is then used.

The shader takes out any bumps, such as a too pointed nose or a full bridge, and the blender removes laugh lines or will highlight the nose.

With the shader on the sides of your nose and the

blender on the bridge you obtain a fine chiselled look.

- Rouge is not used very much, but, if it is, it's always worn very high on the ridge of the cheek to highlight the eyes or down low to shadow the cheeks.
- Eyebrows are drawn on next—the shape depends on what's required for the shot.
- A white line is drawn inside the eyelid—to make the eyes look enormous.
- If a matte effect is required for the shot, powder is applied very thickly. The powder also has a definite mauve tint to maintain the ethereal look.

However, if the photographer wants to capture a glowing look, the model uses no powder at all.

- A white pearly or platinum shadow is applied just under the browline in a broad sweep or a narrow line depending on the shape of the face required.
- Then the false eyelashes are glued on with surgical adhesive and mascaraed thickly; every model has a couple of pairs of eyelashes.
- A black eyeliner is drawn around the eye with a brush—some use an eyeliner and others mascara and water.
- A lipliner pencil is used to draw the shape of mouth desired and the lipstick is applied with a brush. On top of this goes a coat of white or pearly lipstick to complete the pearly look.
- Finally the model takes her hair out of pins, puts on her wig or switch of hair—and is ready to face the camera.

It's all in a day's work. Pounds away!

Australian model Pauline Kiernan, of Armidale, N.S.W., who has been in Paris for nearly three years, was recently flown across to New York by Plaza 5, another leading New York model agency.

After doing some work for them, Pauline applied to join the Fords, but Eileen Ford stipulated that she must lose four pounds first.

These four lost pounds later she was signed on.

Pauline has a 33½ in. bust, a 23 in. waist (considered an inch too big for perfection), 34 in. hips (another surplus inch), and weighs 112 pounds.

When I first saw her in the Ford agency I couldn't help saying: "Good heavens, what will your mother say? You've lost so much weight."

And Pauline said in a very surprised tone: "But I'm not thin. I have to stay off everything good to keep like this."

Pauline, who has plans to fly home to spend Christmas with her family, has been rushed with work and is featured extensively in the August "Harper's Bazaar."

But don't be surprised if you don't recognise her; you're not meant to.

By the way, Eileen Ford told me her offer to Margo McKendry still stands — whenever Margo wants to go to New York Eileen will tee everything up for her and even send her the air-fare.

Once the models in New York are off the job they shed all their make-up, wear comfortable, off-the-peg clothes.

However, in London I found the models carry their meticulous grooming into their private lives as well.

They're magnificently dressed, with up-to-the-minute hairdos, and are supremely elegant all the time.

Also bewigged

Like their New York sisters, they use wigs for photographs.

Sydney model June Massey told me they cost at least £50 sterling to buy, so she rents hers for £4 a week.

June is having the greatest success. In her first week she made £80 in modelling fees.

Now she's booked out. She's flying to Paris for the collections, then to Italy to model ski-wear.

June has now joined Cherry Marshall's model agency.

There are eight Australians on the books at Cherry Marshall's, including Kathy Murrell, Joanne Fuller, Edda Benco, Marcia Raphael, Bernadette Russell, and, of course, Clemence Bettany.

Clemence didn't do any modelling before she left Sydney. Now she asks and gets 100 guineas for a special shot.

While fees generally in London aren't nearly as astronomical as they are in New York, there's lots of work.

The girls earn about three guineas an hour or up to £15 a day for photographs — they usually average about £25 a week. When they're sent abroad on an assignment, they're paid £15 a day.

Nice work if you can get it.



THE LOOK for 1959 is this fragile, touch-me-and-I'll-break look, shown here by American model Diji Ladd. The main feature of The Look is that faces are pale, with eyes enormous, mouths and eyebrows minimised.



Nena's success

NENA, the lovely, lissom Swedish model (pictured at left) is one of the models winning fame and fortune with the Ford Model Agency in New York. Now only 18, Nena has one of those fairytale success stories. English photographer Norman Parkinson discovered her when she was 14. In Sweden on an assignment, he saw Nena in uniform on her way to school, took pictures, and was so impressed he phoned her later from London and urged her to take up modelling. At 16, Nena went to England to model in her school holidays. As soon as schooldays were over, she returned to London — and to overnight success. Nena, who is 5ft. 9½ in. tall, has been flown to Paris for the collections, and now in New York earns 50 dollars (about £24) an hour. After her four-month stint there, she'll fly back to Paris for the collections, and then she plans to return to New York for Christmas.

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Canada's quads meet the Queen

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who is in Canada for the Royal tour.

● Sault Ste. Marie, Canadian steel-mining centre on the St. Lawrence Seaway, was one town where there were no heartaches over which little girl should present a bouquet to the Queen.

SAULT STE. MARIE (pronounced Soo Saint Marie) voted unanimously that the presentation should be made by one of the town's nine-year-old Hargreaves quads.

Then the quads' mother, Mrs. Ellen Hargreaves, took over to decide which of the quads should get the honor.

The four girls had to choose a number between one and ten, and Jennifer, who selected the number nearest to 10, won it.

Proud family

"That's the way we settle everything," said 36-year-old Mrs. Hargreaves, as, with her husband Ozzie, her elder daughter Sandra, 16, and youngest, Coleen, 4, she

proudly watched the Queen receive the quads.

The Queen met them under shady trees in the town's lovely Bellevue Park.

Joyce, Jennifer, Joan, and Janice curtsied as one.

Kept talking

Then Jennifer stepped forward and presented the Queen with a bouquet of yellow roses.

The Queen and Prince Philip were so delighted with the children that they kept them on the dais talking to them longer than they ever have for a floral presentation.

Dark-haired Joyce forgot how she had been told to address Philip if he spoke to her.

When he asked how old the girls would be on their next birthday she said shyly: "Ten, Highness."



QUADRUPLETS Joyce, Jennifer, Janice, and Joan Hargreaves parade before the Queen and Prince Philip at Sault Ste. Marie after Jennifer had presented a bouquet to the Queen. The Hargreaves quads, aged 9, are very interested in the Australian Sara and Lucke quads.

The Queen asked which girl was the eldest.

"I am the youngest, Majesty," piped up Jennifer.

The quads — natural, unaffected girls — were overcome by giggles as they stepped off the dais.

Their white organdie, pink-rose-sprigged dresses were the only point of similarity between them.

Joyce is dark, the others of varying shades of blond.

Their mother told me: "We are very interested in the Sara and Lucke quads in Australia."

"My girls snip pictures of them from Australian magazines and pin them up in their bedroom."

Mrs. Hargreaves said she had been surprised how easily the quads settled down when they went to school.

"I was afraid they might feel isolated and be treated differently."

"But they split up and made friends of their own. Sometimes they go to different parties."

Their elder sister, Sandra, said: "They are quite easy to handle, but sometimes I've got to take them in hand when they quarrel."

There was a surprise for Prince Philip at Sault Ste. Marie's official luncheon.

There to greet his old pupil was 61-year-old Gus Kalkun, once ski instructor at

Chamonix (France), where Philip learned to ski.

"Good heavens, what are you doing here?" said Philip.

The Prince and Kalkun, who now runs a tourist resort, held up the receiving line while they chatted about Philip's first ski-ing lessons.

Mrs. Kalkun looked on fondly at the Prince she had mothered when, as a boy, he was a pupil at a school at St. Cloud, on the outskirts of Paris.

Disguising figure faults

By LUCILLE RIVERS, famous U.S. dressmaking expert.

● Too often, women think that because a frock looks good in the pattern picture, they can wear it becomingly. They should know better.

THEY should know that they must apply the same rules to picking a pattern as they would to choosing a dress from the racks in a store.

If you normally wore tailored clothes because they looked best on you, you wouldn't impulsively buy a dress full of ruffles and bows, would you? Well, don't try making one at home, either.

Here are a few rules for choosing clothes, whether at home or ready-made:

● If you have a large figure, choose garments with simple lines. Fabrics should have a flat surface and a dull finish. Satins, for example, highlight the curves and make a woman look heavier.

● Prints for the large figure should be either a monotone or very small.

● The petite type should

avoid large prints, and tartan, too, because they tend to overpower a tiny figure.

Figure faults must be considered in choosing a style.

For example, a woman with a big bust should avoid kimono-type sleeves.

The fullness in the underarm of the kimono sleeve will

look sloppy and bulky. The normal armhole and set-in sleeve is better for this figure.

The full bust should avoid also a dress cut in one piece across the front. This emphasises the fullness.

Wonderful bows

Instead, break up this expansion of bosom with a button-front dress or a soft jabot effect in the front.

Soft bows are wonderful for both the flat and the full-chested figures. A soft bow detracts from the fullness of an over-endowed woman, yet gives an appearance of more shape to the flat-chested.

A word for the wide-hipped: A tight-fitting straight skirt will draw attention to your hips. More becoming is the slightly flared, gored skirt.

Women with heavy legs will find the softly flaring skirt far more flattering. The flare will

help also to minimise the thickness of the legs.

One of the key elements of good taste is the fit of a woman's clothes.

Many women feel that by squeezing themselves into a smaller size they are taking pounds off their weight.

It's a universal temptation, but this procedure, far from concealing overweight, will only emphasise it.

Normally, if a dress has a soft, easy fit, no question of figure size enters the casual looker's head.

On the very thin figure, many people believe that if a dress is loose the figure will look heavier. Not true. Actually, the mental response of the observer to this is something like, "Look how thin she is — just a bag of bones draped with loose burlap."

RULE: Plump or thin, snuggle in. But if you wish to please, avoid the squeeze.

The length of skirts is significant.

I always hem a skirt to the point that is most becoming to a particular figure, bearing three factors in mind:

● If the leg is heavy, keep

● Lucille Rivers at work on her Singer sewing-machine. She uses a Singer for all her dressmaking.



the hemline below the fullest part of the calf. This will give the illusion that the visible level is the fullest girth.

● Women who have thin legs should bring the skirt to the part of the calf where the calf begins to round out, thus lending the illusion that the whole leg is rounder.

● A very short woman in a too short skirt is going to look even shorter.

When adjusting a hem, stand before a full-length mirror, hold the skirt at thigh-level, and bring it up or down.

Note the overall appearance, as well as how the skirt looks on the leg.

With a two-piece costume, try not to have the length of the jacket and skirt the same, lest it make your figure look shorter — like two little boxes, one atop the other.

ALEXANDRA TRAINS FOR STAR ROLE




● In recent months Princess Alexandra has been undergoing strenuous training for her first star role—the Australian tour on which she sets out next month. This will be her first solo tour overseas, but the charming, efficient way in which she has carried out her engagements leaves no doubt of the success she'll be as a fully fledged Royal ambassador.



GLAMOR PRINCESS. Alexandra at a ball at Fulham Palace. The diamond star in her hair is a fashion set by her mother.

ALEXANDRA (above) leaving a special Queensland Centenary Thanksgiving Service held at Westminster Abbey earlier in the year.



POISED and smiling, Princess Alexandra shown during a visit to the North Irish Horse Guards. This is one of the many formal engagements Alexandra has carried out in recent months during training for her Australian tour.

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FATHER



"All fathers look alike the first few days."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.

"I can only do five things at once!"

It seems to me

IF you don't fight your way into the Phillip Street Theatre to see Joyce Grenfell you'll be sorry.

People are going to talk about her for years.

I can remember few entertainments of such unalloyed pleasure as that provided by her opening night.

The wonderful thing about her impersonations is that they are hilariously funny and not cruel.

If you should cite, in answer to that statement, her lady author whose books for children "just write themselves" I would answer that Miss Grenfell is obviously kind and warm, but she is not soppy. Her lady author deserves all she gets.

A film fan of Miss Grenfell from way back, I had seen her in two television appearances and had heard one of her records. But the range of her talent was still full of surprises.

And don't expect laughter only.

"Boat Train," the sketch of the British mother saying goodbye to her migrating daughter and son-in-law was so moving that I would have liked a suitable interval for a good cry.

FIRST of all the Russians said that the rabbit they sent into space didn't have a name.

Then they said that its name was "Little Martha," but that this name didn't do justice to such a distinguished rabbit, and that they were thinking of changing it.

What a pity. "Little Martha" is absolutely right. Martha is a name that stands for a girl who does the world's work.

The Russians always seem to have this confusion about the names of their space animals. Whether that first dog was really called Fluffy or Laika has never emerged for certain.

Whatever their names, the creatures have one thing in common—their sex. They are girls.

A woman's place nowadays appears to be not in the home but in space.

Any day now some of those Cheryl's and Anns will be replaced in the human birth notices by Orbitinas.

OUR spring fashion section this week is a cheer-up, a reminder that the months of mohair and muffling-up are nearly over.

Worth starving for, too, those new wide waists.

I feel sorry for men in spring. Certainly there are increasing attempts to interest men in fashion, but only the young ones get really excited about sharp clothes.

Some of the older ones like to be fashionable, but mostly in a negative way. They don't get a surge of excitement when lapels grow narrower or the number of buttons varies.

Their clothes are the badge of their prosperity, the proof that they're still running well in the rat-race.

But where is a woman so old that she won't brighten at the words "That color suits you."

By



Dorothy Drann

AMERICANS have a great reputation for hospitality.

Travellers continually report casual meetings which led to invitations to stay in American homes.

I have sometimes wondered whether the country's lead in the matter of multiple bedrooms sprang from this hospitable tendency. Did the guests, being fond of asking people to stay, realise that an overtaxed shower was the result of harmony? Or did the bedrooms come first and the guests afterwards?

American magazines are full of ads for services useful to entertain guests.

One of the queerest is "Giant Crossword Puzzles—Put one beside your guest's bed."

A wise hostess will add a dictionary and encyclopedia to the bedside books.

Otherwise she may have her shoulder shake in the small hours and the query: "Give me a five-letter word beginning with an 'r' and ending with a 'p' that means repose."

THE indignation over the project to dump garbage in Berry's Bay, Sydney Harbor is considerable, and with good reason.

It is a most extraordinary thing that in an age of such technological achievements a city the size of Sydney should still put up with horse-and-buggy methods of garbage disposal.

Other cities of the world have solved the problem. It costs money, but it is money well spent.

IT'S comforting to know that the Transport Department does care after all.

That proposal to institute taxi-buses has possibilities.

For years the department has set its face against multiple hiring, hoping to force more people on to infrequent, overcrowded buses.

All that has happened is that the roads are jammed up with taxis, each carrying one passenger.

It might be simpler to let private enterprise do the job, allowing multiple hiring with reasonable safeguards. But if Government transport can make a success of the taxi-bus, good luck to it.

A PERFUME manufacturer in Connecticut, U.S., has dropped 100 gallons of perfume into the Gulf Stream near Florida. He says that it will scent a square mile of ocean and will eventually drift to England's west coast.

He who'd paint the lily
Would scent the deep blue sea,
Whose salty smell ungarnished
Is fine, as most agree.

The British will not like it,
Such antics aren't their dish.
And as for Father Neptune,
He's crying scented fish.



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

• Two views of the South Australian Government's £1,500,000 uranium-treatment plant at Port Pirie, on Spencer Gulf 143 miles north of Adelaide. The plant, completed in 1955, treats uranium concentrates brought by rail from Radium Hill, nearly 200 miles to the north-east. The picture above shows the treatment plant and the entrance to Port Pirie. Below, the plant is in the foreground with its huge rectangular dumps of the waste matter that remains after the uranium has been extracted from the ore. Behind is the Broken Hill Associated Smelters' works, and at right is Port Pirie (pop. 15,000). Both these pictures were taken by Darian Smith, of Adelaide.



You risk stomach upset when you take ordinary aspirin—

THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MOST PAIN RELIEVERS

ORDINARY ASPIRIN—the main ingredient of most headache and pain relievers does not readily dissolve. This means that it may enter your stomach as coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these undissolved aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.

DISPRIN, THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN, is free from these defects. Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution so that no undissolved aspirin particles remain to irritate and upset your stomach. Disprin is far less acid too. And because Disprin dissolves so readily it is absorbed more quickly into the bloodstream to bring faster relief. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

PERIOD PAINS—Disprin, at such times, is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFER FOR CHILDREN—Disprin is much safer for children because it dissolves and is far less acid. It can easily be given as a drink, and is most helpful when infants are teething.



but you avoid this risk
when you take

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN



DOCTORS RECOMMEND DISPRIN—FOR HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, FEVERISHNESS, COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU' • From all chemists.

RICH PRIZE

HOW TO ENTER

THIS WEEK ...

Cut out the questionnaire on this page.

Cut out the contest coupon on the page opposite.

Fill in both the questionnaire and the contest coupon.

HOLD THESE till the contest ends.

EACH WEEK

for the five weeks of the contest ...

Cut out the questionnaire, the plan (if one is printed), and the contest coupon, where indicated. Fill in and hold.

At END of CONTEST

Pin together the five questionnaires.

Pin together the five contest coupons, with the list of 32 features you will find in the final week of the contest. This list will have its own coupon to be filled in.

Your total entry will consist of the full set of questionnaires and the full set of contest coupons.

When the contest closes, send your total entry to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," to reach there by 5 p.m. on August 24.

CONDITIONS

1. An entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Home Unit Contest will comprise five completed questionnaires as published in five different issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, together with five completed contest coupons as published in the same five issues, and a completed contest coupon as published with a list of 32 features in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly published in the last week of the contest.

2. Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, through the mail addressed to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," and be delivered in that box before contest closing time.

3. The contest closing time is 5 p.m. on August 24, 1959.

4. You can send as many entries as you wish, but each must comprise the complete set of contest coupons and questionnaires.

5. Entries containing alterations will not be accepted. Entrants should work out their answers on separate sheets of paper before finally filling in their answers, which MUST be on the forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly.

6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, and of Land Lease Corporation Ltd. and Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd. are not eligible to enter. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

7. Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries delivered after the closing time, will be disqualified.

8. All entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

(This contest is governed by the conditions as published in our issue of July 22, with the addition of the words "and its associated companies, and of" as shown above in conditions 6.)

● Here's your chance to win a wonderful £7500 home unit which you can live in or let. It has a harbor view.

● But you must fill in the questionnaire on this page and the contest coupon on the page opposite.

● Read all the requirements carefully before you begin.

No. 2. CUT OUT AND KEEP

QUESTIONNAIRE

● Last week, for our survey, we showed you the plan of a sample home unit which included a large number of features which people desire.

WE now refer you to that same plan, which we called "Survey Sample Plan," asking you to keep it.

This week we ask your advice on some more suggested changes which could be made to that plan.

Consider carefully the questionnaire below, with the plan beside you.

Then answer the questionnaire by placing a tick (✓) against either "Yes" or "No."

I would be prepared to pay for these features PROVIDED THEY WERE CHARGED FOR ON THE BASIS OF ACTUAL COST:

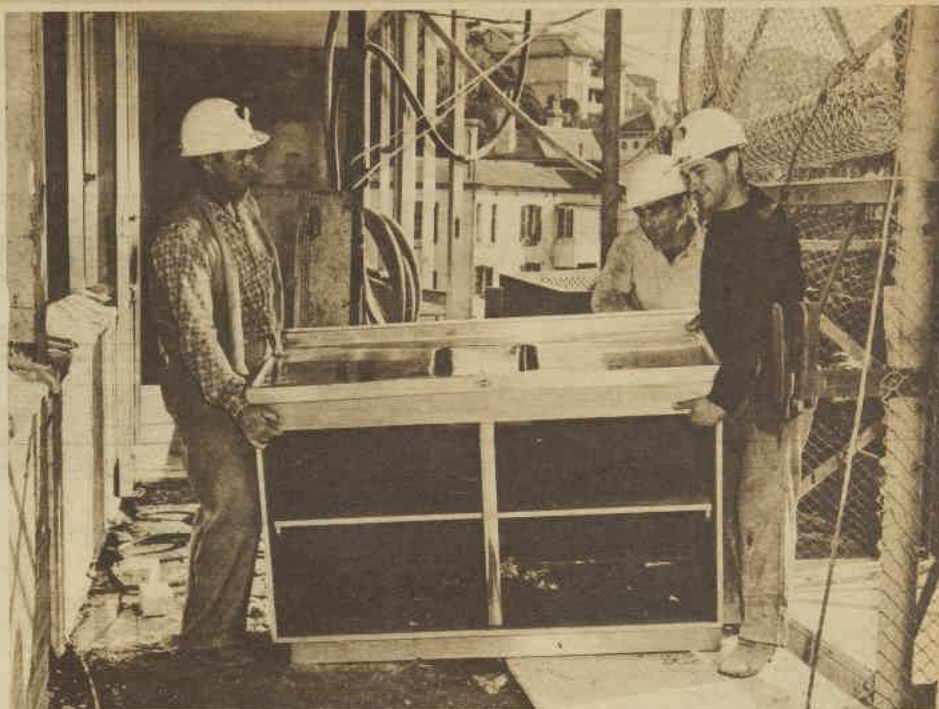
1. Built-in cupboards in Bedrooms.	YES ..	NO ...
2. Kitchen large enough for eating light meals.	YES ..	NO ...
3. Built-in Dressing-table, Bookshelves, etc.	YES ..	NO ...
4. A separate Toilet.	YES ..	NO ...
5. A larger Lounge-room.	YES ..	NO ...
6. Separate Laundry instead of well-equipped communal one.	YES ..	NO ...
7. A Vanity Bar in the Bathroom.	YES ..	NO ...

To economise on this plan WITH APPROPRIATE REDUCTIONS IN THE PRICE OF THE UNIT I would prefer:

1. No Entrance Hall.	YES ..	NO ...
2. One Bedroom only.	YES ..	NO ...
3. No Shower Recess.	YES ..	NO ...
4. Smaller Bedrooms.	YES ..	NO ...
5. Smaller Lounge-room.	YES ..	NO ...

WIN A £7500 HOME UNIT

There's fun for everyone in this big, intriguing contest based on plans for home units — the new style of home in towns of today and tomorrow



OUR contest, with a £7500 home unit as prize for the lucky winner, now enters its second week.

Here is an outline:

The prize home unit will be in a big, modern building, Ithaca Gardens, now nearly completed in the harborside Sydney suburb of Elizabeth Bay.

Ithaca Gardens, only five minutes from the heart of Sydney, yet in a delightful locality, is being built for Lend Lease Corporation Ltd. by Civil and Civic Contractors, a leading construction firm, to a design by prominent architect Mr. Harry Seidler.

The prize, 2-bedroomed, with L-shaped living-dining room with a huge window nearly 16 feet by six feet wide, will have every facility for up-to-the-minute, labor-saving comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Contest-winner can avail themselves of roof laundries with automatic washing-machines, speedy lifts, a stainless-steel sink in their kitchen, plenty of cupboards, and other advantages.

The contest is being run by The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Lend Lease Corporation, who have supplied the £7500 prize.

Lend Lease Corporation will pay all legal costs and expenses (including stamp duty) to transfer ownership of the prize home unit to the winner of the contest.

Entrants must fill in, for each of the five weeks over which the contest runs, answers sought under the headings "Contest" and "Questionnaire."

Entrants should carefully read the details set out under "How to Enter" and "Conditions" on the page opposite.

After the contest closes, "Contest" answers will be separated, under supervision, from "Questionnaire" answers.

A panel of experts who will act as judges will independently record their "Contest" answers, and the competitor whose entry agrees with theirs exactly or most nearly will win the £7500 home unit.

The "Questionnaire" answers will be computed on electronic machines owned by International Business Machines, and used for a survey which aims at finding out what features home-makers most desire in home units.

Lend Lease Corporation, who specialise in financing building projects, recently opened Australia's first Home Unit Display Centre in Caltex House, Kent Street, Sydney.

Many, many aspects of home units, including what home units are available in what suburbs, with floor plans and details of price and finish, are on display.

Competitors can visit the Centre, if they wish, to get food for thought before they decide on their entries. It is open until 8.00 p.m. each weekday, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Saturdays, and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. on Sundays.

No. 2: CUT OUT AND KEEP

CONTEST

● During the five weeks of the contest we will publish, in this column, a total of 32 features of home units.

● Last week we presented Nos. 1-7, and this week we present the second group, Nos. 8-14.

● Carefully think over the merits of each feature in the group Nos. 8-14, then

● Number them 1-7 in what you consider to be their order of importance to the home-maker, placing the figure 1 against the most important.

8. Plenty of cupboard and storage space.

9. Recessed areas provided for built-in furniture of your own choice.

10. Compact kitchens, designed to minimise work and walking.

11. Lighter housework because of compact design and easy-to-clean surfaces.

12. Quick and easy washing with modern machines and dryers.

13. Closeness to local shops.

14. Increased leisure time for workers in the family—no maintenance, odd jobs.

Competitor's name and address
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

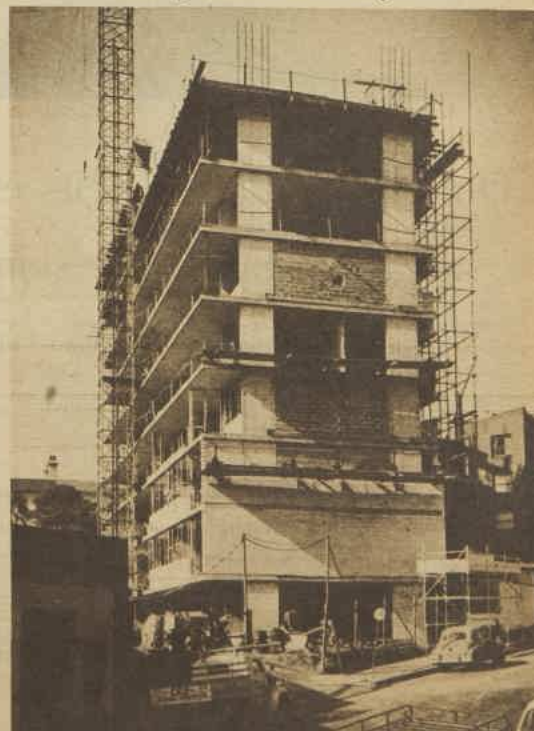
NAME
ADDRESS

SKILLED MEN bring the s.s. sink, by hoist, to the prize home unit. From left, "Banjo" Patterson, Nick Colozzi, and O. Benedetti.



HARBOR VIEW from a lounge window of the prize home unit. In the foreground is a coral tree.

ITHACA GARDENS under construction. Every unit will have a different color scheme from eight colors chosen by architect Mr. Harry Seidler.



No dry, loose powder can give your skin
this light young radiance!



Only 'Love-Pat' with its exclusive creamy foundation
guards against dry skin as it gives you this flawless look!

Research shows that dry, loose powder blots up skin oils! It cakes and streaks, accents ageing lines. This can't happen with 'Love-Pat', because it's powder . . . *plus* creamy foundation and lanolite!

Tomorrow, put creamy 'Love-Pat' to a test in bright morning light . . . when dry loose powder looks flakier. See how shadows, lines and flaws seem to vanish. You'll make light-textured 'Love-Pat' your only make-up—morning, noon *or* night!

Revlon
'LOVE-PAT'

Tortoise tone compact
with 24-ct. gold design.
In 9 radiant shades. 16/3
Refills . . . 10/3

The one compact make-up that won't cake . . . streak . . . or turn orange-y!



SUCCESSFUL TRIO. Joyce Grenfell, with her pianist, Bill Blezard (left), and producer, Bill Orr, celebrates at Princes after the opening of the Phillip Street "Meet Joyce Grenfell" programme. The theatre entertained the first-night audience to a champagne supper after the show.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



COUNTRY ENGAGEMENT. Margaret Moses, with her fiancé, Robert Nixon. Margaret is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Moses, of "Gunniblo," Cunnedah. Robert is the second son of Mrs. D. B. Nixon, of Tamworth, and the late Mr. A. H. Nixon.

ALL Sydney friends of Janet Appleton were thrilled about her recent marriage in San Francisco to Ian Cooke, whom she met at the University of Vienna when both were doing a course in German.

Janet, daughter of Mrs. R. A. Appleton, of Double Bay, and Mr. R. A. Appleton, of Forster, went overseas two and a half years ago with her cousin, Jean Osborne, from Roma, Queensland. She later teamed up with Gillian Brownowski, and among other adventures they taught at a school in Cortina, Italy.

In January Janet came home for six weeks and then went off to Boston, where she's furthering her arts course. The young Cookes expect to live in Boston for about three years, but will spend three months here in 1962.

Ian, who is lecturing at Harvard and going for his doctorate in biological science, is the son of Mrs. J. Russell Cades, of Honolulu, and the late Mr. D. A. Cooke.

HAVE you heard about the latest Thredbo ski club? Called Burghutte, its first function will be a supper dance at Lorna Calvert's Strathfield home on July 25.

ENERGETIC Gloria Thompson phoned to tell me about her two big interests — the United Nations auxiliary, which is having a luncheon on July 28 at the Bellevue Hill home of the Consul-General for Yugoslavia, Mr. Z. Josilo, and Mrs. Josilo in aid of the U.N. Children's Appeal; and the Clan Campbell Society's reception on July 31 at the Royal Commonwealth Society rooms for Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McLeod and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McIver.

DIARY DATE . . . the 47th St. Aloysius College ball, to be held at the Trocadero on July 29.

Anne

LEFT: Elegant red satin evening coat was chosen by Marsha Waddell, who attended Joyce Grenfell's premiere at Phillip Street with Alan Chalmers. With the rest of the audience they went on to the champagne supper at Princes after the performance.



OPENING LUNCHEON of Ye Olde Crusty Taverne was attended by Mrs. Rex Money (left) and Mrs. Jim Coleman. All proceeds of the opening were given to the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital Honoraries' Wives' Rehabilitation Appeal.



ENGAGED COUPLE. Carmen Clarke and Roderick Carnegie celebrated at a party given by Carmen's grandmother, Mrs. Edward Shackell, at her Toorak, Melbourne, home. Carmen and Roderick will be married on August 14 at St. John's, Toorak.

SHE WALKED THROUGH

● It all started when a tall cowboy tilted his black stetson and blinked at me against the Arizona sun. "Walk across the Grand Canyon?" He laughed. "Why, ma'am, you can't be meanin' to walk!" "Watch me," I said. "We Aussies breed 'em tough."

NEXT day those words of bravado died in a dry-throated gulp as I stood on the narrow trail which drops 5000 feet down into the earth.

Halfway down to the Colorado River seemed like halfway to hell. It was 115 degrees—heat bouncing from the red, rocky cliffs like a scorching furnace.

A little below me a man's body was sprawled in the dust. He was groaning, crawling to the meagre shade of a rock, and a sinking, sickening feeling gripped my stomach. "There's a mule train coming," he said. "They'll drag me out."

I flinched at the thought. A drag-out! In the indulgent lingo of cowboys who ride mule teams into the Canyon, a "drag-out" is a "dude" (or tourist) who can't make it.

Four days later I crawled, dragged, and tortured myself to the top of the North Rim rather than earn that name. In that time I lost 10lb., rescued a schoolboy on the trail, and made memories to last a lifetime.

I had been in the U.S. only six days when my bus stopped at the Grand Canyon Village, a tourist resort on the South Rim of the "world's biggest ditch," as the cowboys call it.

The sight was breathtaking. This spectacular example of erosion has walls a mile high and four to 18 miles apart. Like a silent, muddy pool at the bottom, the Colorado River winds around its self-made inner mountains with peaks higher than 4000ft.

There is a saying about the river—"too thick to drink, too thin to plough." Half a million tons of silt rumble through the Canyon every day.

Millions of tourists each year crowd around the edge of precipitous cliffs. Most tourists never set foot on the narrow trails carved into the cliffs first by Indian tribes, who still live on reserves in the area.

But a few pay 30 dollars (about £15) to hire mule-guides and ride down the Bright Angel Trail. Squeals are heard as the sure-footed mules swing their women riders into "space," casually balancing on the edge of towering crags.

I took the steeper—but shorter—Kaibab Trail, which leads seven miles down to the Colorado River and 14 miles up to the North Rim, the only route out.

At 6 a.m. I stood on the tip of the South Rim, the early morning sun casting black streaks into the chasm below. The cowboy grunted as he heaved a 32lb. pack on to my back. "Like harnessin' a mule," he said. The pack held all my possessions as a tourist in the States, including an overcoat.

I tied a plastic bottle of water to my waist belt. The best advice he gave me was not to drink water on the trail. Gargle it, he warned. I found that swallowing in that heat made water taste like warm oil.

My only food—a packet of dried fruit—stuck in my parched throat, so I fed it to the squirrels that abound the higher cliffs.

Foolishly I had forgotten to bring a hat, and the shade grew less and less as the sun rose higher in the sky. Before the end of the first mile my knees were trembling and my feet slipping in the dusty trail.

The views were unbelievable. At each turn of the winding switchback trail, layer upon layer of the colorful strata of rock unfolded below. Sweeping vistas of barren rock formations, in level layers of brown, yellow, red, lavender, blue, black, and green, ended in moss-covered cliffs with a sheer drop to the river.

Down I went, walking faster and faster, unable to slow down under the pressure of my heavy pack. And as the trail dropped down the temperature went up.

The shock of meeting a casualty on the trail made me sick inside. His pale, flabby figure was not that of a man used to mountain-climbing. But I thought: If he couldn't make it, how can I? Suddenly I felt weak, and sank to the dust, dizzy with the heat and the sharp drop in altitude.

Two young men walking behind gallantly revived me—by emptying their water-bottles over my head! Some sacrifice! And they insisted that I wear their hats in turn.

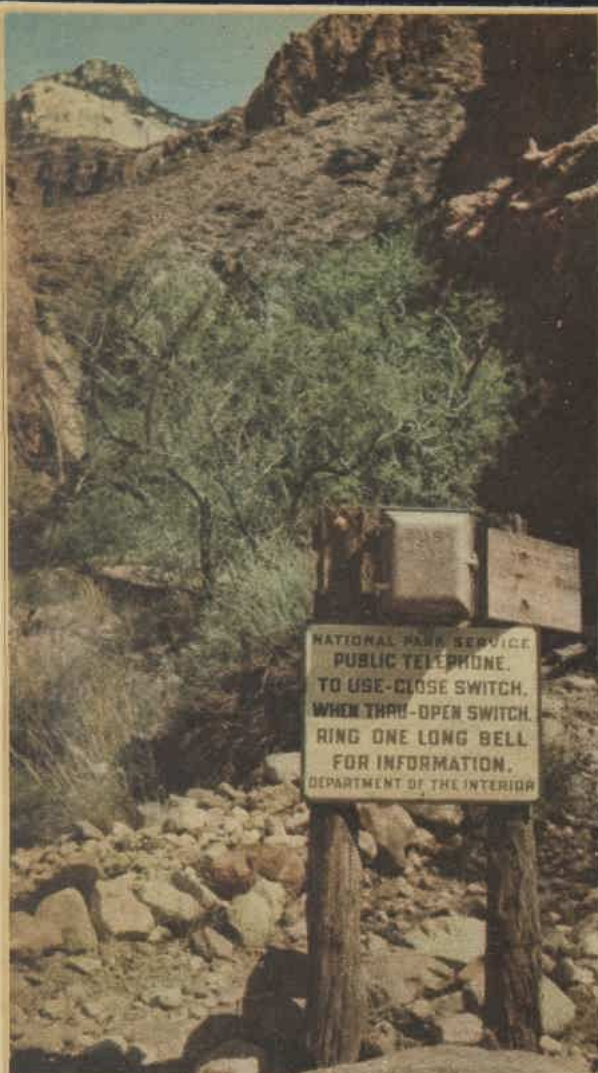
One told me he wrote cowboy novels. He was walking into the Canyon for the second time, looking for story material. The next few minutes must have given him good copy.

For some reason I had expected the weather to grow cooler at the bottom of the Canyon, and had worn heavy wool slacks. My rescuers walked ahead while I changed—but just as I was slipping into my cool cotton pedal-pushers a mule team of cowboys swung round the corner.

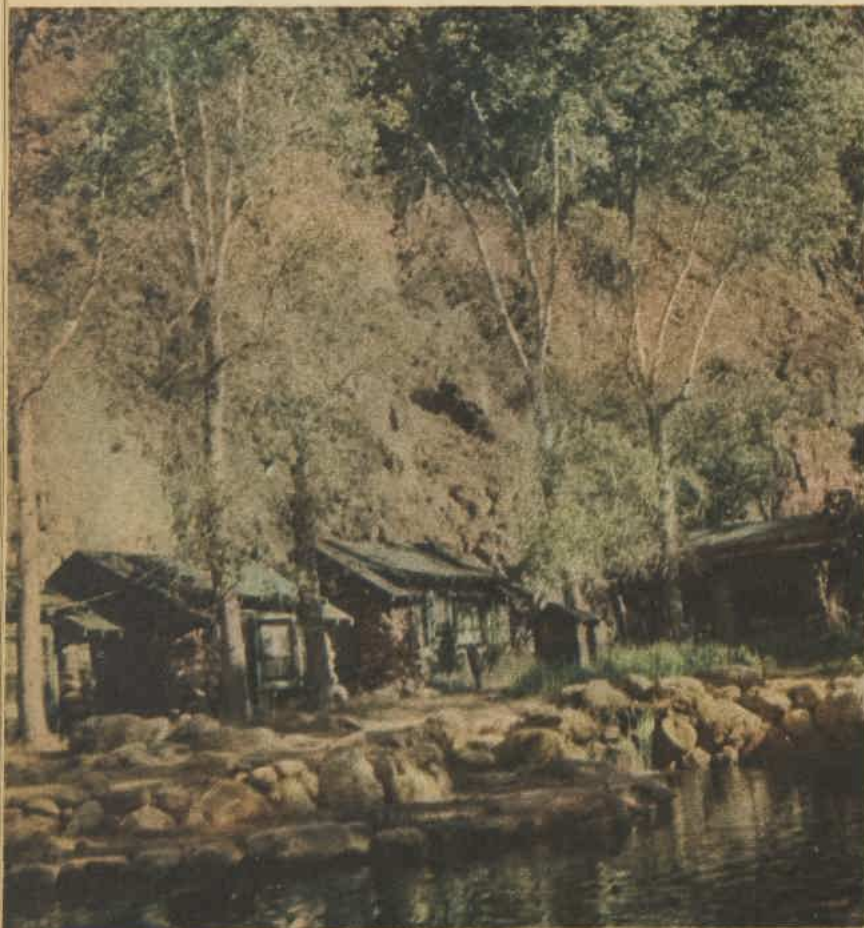
I don't know which made my face redder, the heat or my embarrassment! But no one said a word.

The boys had their own packs, but dragged mine between them for a couple of miles. I was shocked later to see the cowboy-author in swimming trunks with a great scar across his chest. He had recently had one lung removed and was walking under much greater strain than I. He shrugged it off as "nothing."

While I hobbled along in front, setting the pace, he "cheered" us with stories of the Canyon's usual summer heat—130 degrees.



● Emergency phone for lost or exhausted hikers will bring swift aid from the Canyon's mule-guides.



● Cottonwood trees shade the log cabins down at Phantom Ranch.

● Prickly pear grows in a watered lush valley on the North Rim side.



THE GRAND CANYON

By MARGARET KHUDARI

He had recently visited the Hopi Indian reserve to attend a Snake Dance, a ritual performed to bring rain to the parched desert. "They cavorted around all afternoon with deadly rattlesnakes in their mouths," he said. "Darned if it didn't rain all over northern Arizona."

The usual American efficiency was scattered all along the trail. The Mountain Service had set up signposts describing the rock stratum at each layer as the trail descended.

Emergency telephones were installed every few miles—one ring and a mule-guide would be down to our rescue. These are not just for show. Most people start out unprepared, not expecting the terrific heat. Lowest temperature during my four days was 103 degrees—at night.

The first close look at the Colorado River was spectacular. Before I realised it, we were right on top of it. The bridge is built so that you approach from a dark 100ft. underground tunnel. You step out of a cliff into the bright sunlight right on top of the bridge, suspended high over the roaring water.

The last mule was the hardest. The others went on, but I stopped by a creek flowing into the river, washed, and stretched out on a log under a cottonwood tree. I remember that even the mud under the tree was too hot to stand on barefooted.

Three hours later I woke. It was 4 p.m., and I dragged weary feet the last mile to Phantom Ranch.

The "dude" ranch is a unique little eating-house built by the Bright Angel Creek, with cabins for tourists and mule-



Margaret Khudari is a 26-year-old former Melbourne journalist who went to San Francisco in August, 1957, on a four-day tourist's visa, remained to work for the Australian Consulate-General, and, in February, 1958, married Omar Khudari, an Arab-born American businessman. They have a six-month-old baby named Samia Leonora. Margaret has travelled extensively in the U.S. In Victoria, then Margaret Rodda, she lived in East Ivanhoe.

guides who stop overnight. The cabins are built round an ice-cold spring bordered with rocks to make an inviting pool. Twelve dollars for a cabin was too much for an Australian travelling on the (then) 200 dollars allowance.

The manager looked concerned as I laughingly asked for the loan of a shady tree, to sleep. Then out came that casual American generosity that I know so well. "We have one empty cabin," he said. "I'm not asking for any money."

Next day I awoke, a cot-case. I couldn't move! There was no question of walking out that day.

Other guests at the "dude" ranch were mostly university students on their summer vacations. A medical student about to leave saw my pack and lifted it. "Are you crazy?" he cried. It was obvious he meant it was too heavy. He waived my objections and insisted on carrying it up.

Later I learned that he couldn't manage both packs, so he tied his own with a rock, and threw it from the bridge into the Colorado River. It was difficult for a casual acquaintance to find a way to repay such kindness. "Come to my wedding!" he smiled. And when I returned to San Francisco a pre-arranged invitation was waiting.

At 4 a.m. on the third morning I left Phantom Ranch with one my water bottle and a box of apples and oranges—a parting gift from the manager's wife.

Even at 4 a.m. it was hot. But walking was easy, along a gently sloping trail which followed the Bright Angel Creek for nine miles. The water ran cold and fast. At crossings I had to tie my bottle, lunchbox, and shoes to my belt.

More rain fell as I made the seventh creek crossing, and I sheltered by a small hydro-electric plant which fed the North Rim hotel. The foreman and his wife, a Mormon couple, insisted that I take their guest room, ran a hot bath, and prepared a hearty steak dinner.

They were the only other people living inside the Canyon walls. The North Rim is open only in summer, and the foreman was actually a dentistry student working on his summer vacation. His wife was a pretty girl of 17, nursing a baby boy. When I asked her if she enjoyed this lonely life she said bluntly: "Oh, yes! We're always meeting odd people—like you!"

The fourth morning began at 5 a.m. with clear skies, and a determined pace to finish the last five miles. This steep stretch is called the "Devil's Backyard." Climbing was hard.

Then I heard a sound like someone crying. Round the next switchback I found a boy sprawled on his face.

He was 16, a schoolboy and exhausted. He told me he had tried to show off to his friends that he could run across the Grand Canyon. He had brought no food, no water, and several times during the night had lost the washed-out trail.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 29, 1959



Only the "apple" of the prickly-pear bush had kept him going, he said. He had swallowed the juice and spat out the rind. Yet the boy had crossed the creek many times and hadn't dared to drink the water.

Fortunately we had no shortage of water on the higher trail. Like jewels in the sun, drops oozed from hidden springs beneath the rocks and trickled down the cliffs. And like pilgrims at a shrine, we stopped at each trickle with hands cupped to bathe our heads.

I coaxed, encouraged, and pulled the boy round each slippery turn of the switchbacks, from one scrap of shade to the next.

We can't really say we climbed the "Devil's Backyard." We crawled. We crawled at roughly half a mile an hour. At 2 p.m. we reached the top—a five-mile trek in nine hours.

Although I had been warned countless times NEVER to hitch-hike in the States, I "thumbed" the first car heading for the hotel, three miles distant. Haggard and dirty, I was sure I looked too dangerous to come to any harm!

The story of my trip was already circulating when I entered the hotel lobby. I was presented with my pack, and a colorful Indian feathered headdress, while an enthusiastic crowd sang a popular song: "What a fine young Indian is she!"

Then, believe it or not, as I walked into the dining-room an organist was playing "Waltzing Matilda."

I was so dizzy and tired I didn't even know it at first. But I couldn't stop the tears. I cried.

• The cowboy-novelist (right) and friend who revived me after I had collapsed in the heat.

• Toughest stretch of the Canyon hike was up the Devil's Backyard—a five-mile climb. I crawled.



It's here! NEW LIQUID DISCOVERY FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD CLEANING!



HANDY ANDY

cleans at a touch!

Outcleans all other household cleansers and washing powders but won't scratch, dull or wear

Stop wearing out your kitchen, bathroom and the rest of your home! Start using Handy Andy, the modern American liquid cleanser for all your household cleaning!



KITCHEN FLOORS shine! Handy Andy is fabulous for all floors—vinyl, linoleum, rubber, wood. No need to rinse or wipe dry. Outcleans other household cleansers and washing powders.



WOODWORK. Paintwork. Straight from the bottle, Handy Andy cleans woodwork safely and fast! One wipe erases grime and smudges.



SINKS AND BATHS come cleaner—quick as a wink! Just a wipe and dirt's gone—never scratches, never dulls. Handy Andy is really safe!



BATHROOMS—and everything in them—are beautifully clean in a jiffy. Handy Andy cleans combs, brushes, sink, bath, tiles, showers.

Harsh, scouring powders wear out your sink and refrigerator. Washing powders can cause streaking on walls and woodwork. But now a great advance from the U.S.A.—Handy Andy—America's popular liquid cleanser! Handy Andy gets your home really clean—and won't scratch, dull or wear. Won't streak or stain. And it's so kind to your hands, you need no rubber gloves.



In solution . . . or straight from the bottle
HANDY ANDY CLEANS JUST ABOUT ANYTHING!

Ceramic tiles
Grimy surfaces
Toilet bowls
Porch and lawn furniture
Garbage cans
Cars
Grease marks
Smoke and oil film
Paint brushes

Sinks
Lipstick stains
Refrigerators
Formica counter tops
Cabinets
Fine porcelain
Walls, woodwork
Floors—tile, linoleum
Heel marks

Guaranteed by J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., makers of fine soap for over 100 years.



CLEANS CARS, CAR MATS AND TYRES—like new! Prepares perfectly for car polishing: no streaking!



DOGS! Handy Andy washes puppies clean. Absolutely safe. No disinfectant odour.



MIRRORS AND WINDOWPANEs come brilliantly clean when you clean them with Handy Andy. So easy, too!

MEN WITH BOWLER HATS

By **ANGUS WILSON**
ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

They were unwanted visitors in the Chalpers household

JULIA'S Daddy wasn't like other little girls' fathers. He didn't go to an office or a factory or work on a farm; neither was he a doctor nor a soldier. On some days he didn't get up until very late in the afternoon. Then he used to go out to play cards until such a late hour that when Julia woke up to hear him going to bed in the room next to her own she used often to think it was time to get up because the sun was shining.

Sometimes a lot of gentlemen used to come to their room or flat—for Julia and her Daddy were always moving—to play cards with him. Then Daddy used to put her on a chair beside him while he played. He would give her chocolates, and green and red jelly-winks called chips to play with. "My life mascot," he called her.

Julia used to get very sleepy on those evenings and fall asleep in her chair. In the end Daddy would carry her to her bed.

There were other days when Daddy got up very early—mostly in the summer, which he called "the flat season"—and went off to the races. This was a lonely time for Julia. She would play with her toys or read her story books and see no one all day, except perhaps old Mrs. Scrumper, who cleaned for them. Mrs. Scrumper was always talking about it being a "shame" and a "scandal."

Once she and Julia's Daddy had a row and after that she hardly ever said anything to Julia, and even answered questions by saying "it was none of her business."

Of course Julia had been to school—lots of schools, in fact. But she never seemed to stay at them long. If she didn't like the first few days her Daddy always told her she needn't go again. "They can't teach my little imp anything she doesn't know, can they?" he would say.

But even when Julia liked the school very much, as she did the kindergarten near Hampstead Heath, she was seldom there for long. Daddy would have one of his grumbling moods and talk about cutting losses and that would be the end of that.

Once when they were living in very dingy rooms in a street near the Oval a lady came from the Ministry to ask why Julia was not at school. Daddy seemed very pleased to see her and laughed and talked a lot. When the lady went away she said she was so glad she had been able to help. But after she had gone Daddy was very angry and they had moved the next day.

They were always moving. Although Julia was only eight she could remember living in more than twenty different houses. She had been only three when her mother died, but after that she and her Daddy were always on the move.

Sometimes they lived in quite grand hotels with porters and waiters, and then Mr. Chalpers, her Daddy, was always very jolly and bought her lots of presents. At first the waiters and porters used to be very jolly, too; they would play snap with her and bring her glasses of lemonade without her asking for them. But in the end they always stopped taking any notice of her; and to Mr. Chalpers they were often quite rude.

Julia had learnt that this strange change in behaviour usually meant that she and her Daddy were soon going to leave the hotel. Sometimes they left all her clothes and toys behind, and then for weeks Julia would have only one dress to wear. Although this worried her she had learnt not to complain to Mr. Chalpers because at such times he was always very cross anyway.

Grand hotels were usually followed in Julia's life by poky little bedrooms, all iron bedsteads and cracked jugs and basins. There were always a lot of stairs to climb up to these bedrooms, and when Daddy came home very late after playing cards, Julia would wake up to hear him stumbling on the stairs, and doors would open and shut and angry voices would shout into the darkness.

Some of the ladies who looked after these houses were fat and wore curl-papers, and some were thin with bright golden hair and dressing-gowns covered with flowers; but, fat and thin alike, they had voices like the peacock Julia had heard screaming when she went once with Daddy to the Zoo.

These ladies only cooked one dish for their dinners and that was cabbage; they used to boil it all day and night so that the house was full of the smell of cabbage.

In the streets outside these houses there were usually a lot of children playing hop-scotch. Julia would much have liked to join them, but Mr. Chalpers would never allow

it. "I'm not having my little girl picking up an accent," he used to say.

Twice in her life Julia had lived with her Daddy in a large flat with furniture all their own. Once there had even been a nursery with a doll's house and a rocking-horse. At that time Mr. Chalpers was always laughing. It was then that he had talked about getting a governess for his "undisciplined little imp." But very shortly after that some men with bowler hats and big moustaches had come to live in the flat. They sat about for many days, making themselves tea and giving Julia pieces of chocolate.

Mrs. Clarke, who was very superior and a dentist's widow and did Mr. Chalpers' house-keeping for him at the flat, said she wouldn't stay anywhere where there were bailiffs, just as though the men in bowler hats had been black-beetles. So Mrs. Clarke gave notice and left.

A few days later the men in bowler hats packed the doll's house and the rocking-horse into crates and took all the furniture away in a van.

That summer Mr. Chalpers took Julia to the seaside. They lived in some very dark rooms in a side street near the station. Mr. Chalpers was very gloomy, but as it was "the flat season" he was away most of the day.

Although Julia wasn't supposed to go out on her own, she used to wait until he had gone and then run down to the beach. It was an enchanting time for her. She made sand castles with other children and sometimes they shared their lunch with her. Once she caused quite a sensation by doing an improvised fairy dance outside the pierrot show on the pier.

Then suddenly Mr. Chalpers became very jolly again; and they moved to the Grand Hotel on the front, where Julia could sit among the potted palm trees and listen to a gentleman playing on the violin.

It was at the Grand Hotel that they met Auntie Rosemary. Auntie Rosemary was really called Mrs. Gregoby and she was an American lady. After they had known her

People said Julia had a wise head on young shoulders.



To page 37



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*Goodbye,
Sweet William*

By **PAT FLOWER**

Illustrated by **CEDRIC FLOWER**

JOANNA stared at Detective-Inspector Swinton, who continued placidly. "Oh, I know you meant to poison him. But I wouldn't like to see you suffer from this—neither would Sergeant Primrose, I'm sure. We think you're too valuable to your husband. I'm going to take you into our confidence. I believe you can be trusted. Flecker was also stabbed twice, I believe, by two different people."

"You mean . . . he was stabbed to death?"

"It looks very much like it. We're just waiting for corroboration."

"Then—you're not sure?"

Swinton's face hardened. "Not yet, Mrs. Treloar. But somebody did kill Flecker, somebody who knew exactly when and where to strike."

Joanna rested her head in her hands. "Now about the threats, Mrs. Treloar?"

"I don't know anything about the threats posted to Mr. Flecker, but I can tell you something. That first list was mine, at the weekend here in April. It was all so silly and I never dreamed that anything would come of it. It was careless of me to leave it lying about—I must have pulled it out of my pocket with something else, cigarettes or something."

"William was the gardener we had who came once a week, and I was trying to economise. Business had been a bit bad lately. I suppose it's silly but I've always done it. I make little lists of things as they occur to me—things to do, things to remember—as well as shopping lists. There were other things on the list—I forget now—and 'get rid of William.' That and the other thing, 'see about tickets,' those two items the same."

"It was in your handwriting?"

"Yes, but nobody knew it, and Des didn't actually look at it. I should have said it was mine, but it would have meant explanations, and I was a bit embarrassed by it, embarrassed at not being able to afford even a weekly gardener—among these people." She grinned. "I'm not a very nice person, am I?"

"You're a very human person. The trouble is, that list gave someone here an idea. If Flecker himself had kept quiet about it, no one would have known, and he'd have been spared the posted threats probably. But not his death. No, I think that was coming anyway," he added thoughtfully.

He looked at her for a moment.

"It's unfortunate you have no alibi covering the period when you say you went downstairs to get some milk."

"But I did," she cried. "I did come down for some milk. Look, Inspector, I believed just now when I came in that you were going to arrest me for murder. D'you think I'd lie to you now about this?"

"No, I don't. See here, Mrs. Treloar, keep all this to yourself, won't you? Don't even tell that lucky husband of yours, will you?"

"Of course not."

"You can go now. Look, Mrs. Treloar, I don't want to butt in, but when this is all over . . . break away from this crowd, will you?"

Joanna stood up without speaking and went slowly towards the door.

"Pity about that alibi," Swinton said.

She gave him a worried and reproachful look and left the library.

"You really concerned about her alibi?" Primrose asked curiously.

Swinton hunched his shoulders. "People are unknown quantities," he said infuriatingly.

Machiavellian monster, Primrose thought.

"Get French, will you?"

"What about the other two?" Primrose asked in some surprise.

"French, I said," Swinton snapped.

Steve came in. The liquor had made him gloomy. His eyes were brilliant. He sat down in front of Swinton.

"Are you jealous of your wife, Mr. French?"

Stephen smiled. "A little, Inspector. Just enough to make life interesting."

"Not enough to kill?"

"I could kill, but not from jealousy." He sat back, prepared to enjoy himself. A nice, gloomy, after-dinner chat about murder and its motives.

"Do you possess any weapons, Mr. French?"

"Weapons, Inspector?"

Swinton waited.

"What dramatic questions you do ask, Inspector." There was no change in Swinton's expression. "Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. All sorts of weapons."

"All right, Mr. French, we'll leave it at that for the present. Flecker was stabbed."

"A very nasty end."

"Miss Atkinson stabbed him. She's told us."

There was silence, then a long-drawn breath that was half a sigh.

"Well?" Swinton said. "How does that strike you?"

Steve spoke slowly. "I don't like it at all. What's more, don't believe it."

"Why not? She had motive enough, if ever there is motive enough for murder."

Steve waved his hand impatiently. "Everyone had motive. I don't think she'd do such a thing. I don't think she could."

She gets rid of things by dramatising herself, she doesn't bottle them up inside like . . . like some people."

"Miss Atkinson told us herself of her own free will. She wasn't forced to tell us."

"Play-acting again."

"She could have done it. She had motive and opportunity, and apparently she got the weapon."

Swinton leaned forward across the desk and stared hard at Steve. "Miss Atkinson described her movements to us, she told us she went into Flecker's room, and when, and she told us she stabbed him. Why should she lie? D'you think she's protecting someone?"

Steve smiled mysteriously. "She could be, I don't know. I don't think she did it, though."

"She had reason. She could have gone to Flecker's room and stabbed him, I suppose?"

"I suppose she could. It just doesn't seem right somehow."

"When did you write this, Mr. French?" Swinton produced the poem from his pocket. "It is yours, isn't it?"

Steve flushed. "Yes, it is. You've no right to pry into this sort of thing."

"Not prying, Mr. French. I think it's very clever, too. When did you write it?"

Steve looked mollified. "You really like it? I wrote it this morning, Inspector."

"Before you knew Flecker was dead? It is about Flecker, isn't it?"

"Very perceptive. Yes, it is. Shall we say I had a premonition?"

"If you like, Mr. French. Let's say a precise premonition. Steve didn't reply."

"Things look very bad for you, Mr. French."

"On the contrary, Inspector—things look very good for me."

"Heavens, how much longer!" Cynthia was sprawled down in a chair, her head against its back. She'd had some detestable chairs brought into the dining-room. Since they seemed fated to remain in this room, presumably to see the end of what had begun here, they might as well be comfortable.

"What are you two muttering about?" She looked at them talking earnestly and quietly to Joanna, who was clinging to his hand as though she might drown without it.

"Where's Steve? He's been gone for ages. Pam's the only sensible one. She's probably getting in some beauty sleep. Lari knows she needs it. I feel awful! All gritty and grey! I must look awful. You'd never think it was a calm, still night, would you? All the stars are out. Where's Steve?"

"In with the Inspector," Des said, looking over at her for a moment, then turning back to Joanna.

"What about a drink, Cyn?" Bill said. "A Scotch?"

"Might as well. On the rocks."

"Anyone else?"

No one answered, and Bill got two drinks for himself and Cynthia.

"Poor dear," he said, giving it to her.

He grimaced. "Have you been in with that ghastly official yet? You haven't, have you?"

"Not yet. I'm beginning to feel slighted."

He laughed rather hysterically. It's not that funny, she thought beneath the giggling. She looked at Jack and Betty. He was reading; she was sitting beside him, watchful. What a grumpy woman, Cynthia thought.

"Betty, darling, why don't you go up and rest?"

Betty shook her head. "I couldn't rest. How could I?"

Cynthia lost interest. She turned instead to Bill, sitting close to her.

"Who'd ever have thought it, Bill," she said. "All these lovely years we've had, so peaceful and pleasant, and now this. It began a long time ago." Her voice was dreamy.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean . . . never mind what I mean. Steve's changed, hasn't he?"

"I guess so."

"He has, Bill. You know about people. You watch them. You must have seen."

"We all change."

"You don't, Bill. You haven't changed a scrap. Why is it?"

"Do everything pass you by?"

"Nearly everything; I don't like getting embroiled. Where's my pipe?"

"What about Pamela?" she whispered.

"What about her?"

"Aren't you getting embroiled?"

"Good grief, girl, no! She might do for the right kind of plot, that's all. Anyone seen my pipe?"

Betty began futilely looking about.

"When did you have it last?" she asked.

"Don't know. Not for some time. I'm sunk without it."

Cynthia slapped his pocket. "What's that, you idiot?"

He put his hand in and drew out the pipe, grinning.

"You see?" he said, "that Inspector has got me worried."

The door opened and Steve came in, followed by Primrose.

She had an air of tense triumph and his eyes burned. He

stood at Cynthia and Bill, then crossed to the sideboard. They were all watching him.

"Mr. Baynes?" Primrose said.

Steve poured a double Scotch and drank half of it down.

Then he went to the table, sat down, drew out notebook and pen and began to write feverishly. Cynthia was noting every

move; she was looking at a new and different man, a man she didn't yet know.

"Mr. Baynes," Primrose said in firm tones.

"Oh, sorry. My turn?"

"I've left you way down on the list, Mr. Baynes," Swinton said when they were comfortably seated with the library desk between them, "because you seem to me a man of good sense, of sound and deliberate judgment. You've had the opportunity of hearing their views and their accusations. No, no," he held up his hand as Bill was about to expostulate, "I don't mean I want you to act as an informer. You needn't mention names. All I want is your views on this situation. How did you like Flecker?"

"All right. Not my sort of man. I really only saw him once at Thornton. We lived different lives."

"Known him long?"

Bill nodded. "As long as I've known Steve, and that's a long time now. I met him through Steve."

"Has he ever been married?"

Bill's mouth twisted. "Why should he marry? He had plenty of wives without marrying."

"He hasn't been married, then?"

"Not as far as I know."

Swinton looked at him in judicious silence as though weighing up some course of action or speech. Apparently he decided against it. He said something else instead.

"I've been told that Flecker was carrying on with Mrs. Finch."

"I'm sure you have, Inspector."

"Is it true?"

Bill shrugged. "We all saw what was coming—you can't play about with a man's wife in his own house and get away with it for ever."

Swinton digested this.

"What d'you think of this car business—the car with the body deserted by the roadside?" he asked.

"I don't know what to think, Inspector. It's involved, isn't it? I can't see how a dead man could walk downstairs."

"What makes you think he was dead when he came downstairs?"

"It's not that I think so. The implication was yours, and it does seem reasonable to assume that he was killed in his own room. Then, surely, if he didn't walk downstairs he was carried downstairs."

"A bit risky."

"Not so risky if the back stairs were used."

"I've thought of that, Mr. Baynes. And the back stairs lead almost directly from Mr. and Mrs. French's bedroom."

Bill was silent.

"About these threats Flecker got through the mail? What d'you think about those? Any ideas?"

"I don't know."

Baynes didn't speak for a moment. He seemed to have



"Some crackpot, Inspector."

"The crackpot is here, don't forget — one of you people." He paused. "You live by yourself, Mr. Baynes?"

"Yes. I'm a busy man."

"By yourself?"

"Yes, Inspector."

"I must have been wrong about poets all these years."

Swinton smiled. "I always believed they plunged into life so they could interpret it on paper."

"You can watch it just as well from the sideline—what's worth watching?"

"Yes. You've already told me that you saw nobody yesterday between 5.30 and 7.45. What did you do?"

"I was in my room, except when I was having a bath."

"You don't know what time that was, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. Getting on for seven, I think. The bathroom's next door. I don't know whether you know—I expect you do—but my room's at the end of the passage, opposite Miss Atkinson's, and the bathroom's in between."

"Did you see anybody?"

"I don't think so, Inspector—no, I'm sure I didn't. You don't really notice people in bathrobes when you expect everyone to be going backwards and forwards."

"That's probably exactly how the murderer reasoned."

Baynes looked at him sharply, but Swinton was innocently opening a drawer of the desk.

"Ever seen this before?" He laid the little ornamented dagger on the desk between them. Bill looked at it.

"Yes. It's the dagger we were all admiring—the one from Pam's belt."

Swinton put it away in the drawer. He drummed on the desk, looking down at his notes. Bill waited expectantly.

Swinton looked up suddenly.

"Ever known anyone named Virginia?"

Baynes didn't speak for a moment. He seemed to have

As Swinton walked out of the house Primrose looked again at the card.

difficulty in swallowing. He got his pipe and tobacco out and began the familiar, restful operation.

"I expect so," he said quietly. "It's a common enough name."

Swinton spoke quickly, leaning forward across the desk. "I

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MY FAIR LANDLADY



An amusing short story

By **RUDOLPH TAYLOR**

THE Melbourne express was about to pull out of the station and take Henry Noble with it. Henry was the young man with neatly cropped hair and attentive blue eyes standing by the train with his fiancée. And in this final tender moment before departure she was saying just what any young woman might say to a man she would some day marry.

"... and, Henry, you must wire me as soon as the train arrives in Melbourne!"

"Yes, Christine."

"... and you will write to me every day, won't you?"

"Yes, Christine."

"And you must tell me all about where you're living, and about your new position, and about any new friends you make, and about ...!"

She was as tall as Henry and wore her dark hair in a severe chignon. She was a schoolteacher, and while she talked she held Henry's arm as though he had just flipped a paper pellet at her.

"... and it's so cold in Melbourne, Henry," she said. "You must wear your dark pullover to work every day!"

"Christine," Henry said, "I think the train is due to go. 'Bye.'"

He leaned forward and took her in

his arms as delicately as though he were an atomic warhead capable of blowing him and the train and Sydney into the yonder. He kissed her, a very unexplosive-type kiss, then they drew apart.

"I should be coming with you," she said as he stepped into the carriage doorway. "I really hate to think of you all alone down there for a year with nobody at all to—"

"I'll be all right," Henry said as the train began to glide forward. "Bye."

"Don't forget to wire me!" she cried. He watched her until he could no longer see her, then went to his seat and sat down.

Henry Noble was twenty-four and had been transferred to Melbourne from the bank for which he worked in Sydney. The transfer meant more money to him and, as Christine pointed out, more money meant more savings, and more savings meant buying their home earlier, and buying their home earlier meant an earlier marriage.

Now Henry might have asked himself whether it was worth while to live away from his fiancée simply so that they might marry sooner. He might also have asked himself why he had accepted the transfer when it meant leaving his home and his friends. For



As Sally Ann and Henry entered the large kitchen he was overwhelmed by the happy, noisy crowd of young men and women.

more he might finally have asked himself why he worked in a bank at all when he had it so much and wanted to be an architect. But he rarely asked himself anything. He usually asked Christine.

He felt miserable. He felt miserable because he was going to work at a job he hated, and because he would have to live in a boarding-house instead of at home. For the city of Melbourne, he only knew what his Sydney friends had told him; there were no surfing beaches there, that the shops closed at six, that it was always raining and that, because of all these things, all the people ever did was to sit in their homes, listen to long-playing violin recordings, drink black coffee, and feel sorry for themselves when they didn't live in Sydney.

He opened a magazine and read that cosmic radiation would kill everyone on earth by mid-April. He felt better.

Now in Melbourne there is a stretch of suburbs which looks like any other stretch of suburbs. The houses look like any other houses and the people who dwell in them look like ordinary people. But this is an illusion. Inside these houses the rooms have been divided into many more rooms, the kitchens have been divided into many other kitchens, and, on the walls and plywood partitions, instead of wallpaper there are notices which

tell the occupants how to conduct themselves. This stretch of suburbs is known as the boarding-house district.

By day the landladies can be seen hurrying to the market to buy stewing steak and hurrying back home to count their bank deposit slips. By night the boarders can be seen climbing backwards out of windows, their belongings in suitcases, their rent in arrears.

It was into this plywood jungle that Henry wandered with the Rooms Vacant columns of the Saturday paper under his arm. By three in the afternoon he had interviewed seventeen landladies.

Some landladies greeted him as though he was their wandering firstborn and assured him that theirs was a home away from home. Others, their faces much sharper than their cutlery, looked at him as though he were a health inspector, and began reciting the rules before his feet were inside the house.

He was shown small rooms, small and poky rooms, and very small and very poky rooms. He inspected dining-rooms that smelled of boiled cabbage. He padded up and down hallways dimmer than a mine shaft and, in some cases, little cleaner.

Just after three o'clock he knocked on his eighteenth door. He felt as flat as an apartment house pillow. He wished he was knocking on his mother's door at home, where there were gardens and trees and birds that sang and no notices on the walls informing

him at what time he must discontinue practising his alto saxophone.

From the outside this place looked a little better than the others. And when the door opened, the girl who stood there looked considerably more pleasant than any landlady.

She was small. Her hair was auburn, she wore a green dress, and her skin was very white against both.

She smiled as though she enjoyed doing it.

"Come in. You want to see the room?" "Yes."

He followed her up the hallway. It was a nice hallway. The carpet was bright and clean, the walls were freshly painted, and on the telephone table sat the first bowl of flowers Henry had yet seen in a boarding-house.

"Here it is." The girl stood before an open doorway and ushered him through with another smile. "It's five pounds a week."

He went in. The room was tastefully furnished with a bed, a wardrobe, and a small desk.

"Do you like it?" She was watching his face intently.

He looked at her. He noticed her strong white teeth when she smiled and the way her eyes beckoned him to speak when she spoke to him.

"It's very nice," he said nervously. "Tell me, are you . . . the . . . ?"

"Landlady." Her eyebrows rose. "Yes. Why? Should I be fat, with muscles, and a moustache?" She laughed.

Henry grinned. "I've seen so many."

"I know," she said. "Come and I'll show you the kitchen. By the way, my name is Sally Ann."

"I'm . . . Henry Noble."

She smiled again and led the way up the hallway. Henry followed. For some reason he felt excited.

"This is the kitchen."

It was a very big room containing eight shiny electric stoves, four sinks, and a large arrangement of tables and chairs.

"Does everyone cook here?" he asked.

"Sixteen people," she said. "Two to a stove." She looked straight up into his eyes.

"Are you from the country, Henry?"

"From Sydney. I've been transferred here by my firm and expect to be in Melbourne about a year. My fiancée . . ."

"Oh, you're engaged!" she exclaimed.

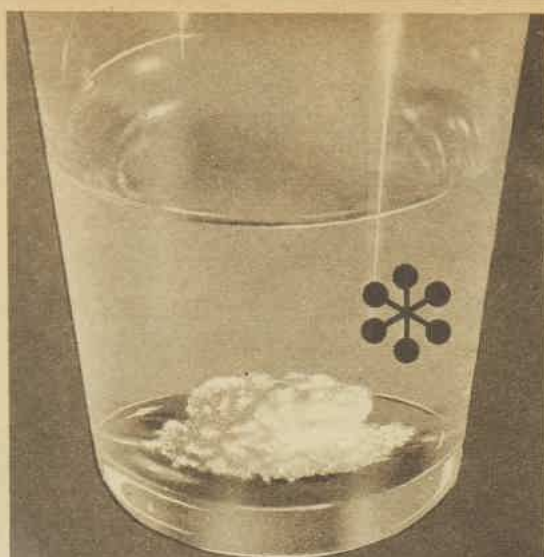
"That's wonderful! I do hope you like the place, Henry. Are you going to take it?"

He looked down into her eyes.

"Yes," he said. "I'm going to take it." Never in his whole life had Henry ever made such a prompt decision alone.

"Good," Sally Ann said. "You'll like it

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Wrong Choice

A short short story

By **BARNEY
SABATH**

THE smell of coffee saturating the two-roomed flat reached Duncan Forrest as he shaved and reminded him to move faster.

A few minutes later, knotting his tie as he entered the kitchen, he saw Katie bending over the antiquated stove, breaking eggs into a frying-pan. Her short, dark hair, with a pink ribbon drawn through it, curled fetchingly round her face.

Duncan smiled to himself, recalling that less than two years ago, when Katie was a new girl in the typing pool in his office, he had walked behind her chair as he dictated and succumbed to an impulse to pull the ribbon loose.

It had fluttered to the floor and she had turned startled brown eyes towards him. He had felt sheepish, but then Katie smiled and they were friends. After that, love had come swiftly, overpoweringly.

Now, watching the set of her thin shoulders in the faded housecoat, he discerned serenity and courage, qualities he had found in her eyes at their first meeting, as though she could ignore his being not too well paid, without a secure future yet in sight.

A month ago, when they had been adjusting their never-quite-satisfactory budget, Duncan had pointed out how debt-ridden they would be for more than a year after the baby was born.

They both agreed that they must still try to put away the same amount of money they had been saving each week towards a deposit on a house. Because now with the baby on the way it would be all the more desirable to have a place of their own with plenty of ground, preferably out in one of the new suburbs.

Katie had agreed and had looked up at him with the silent declaration that she wasn't worried, that she had confidence in him. It was then that he had started thinking. Was this marriage good enough for her? He wouldn't have blamed her for wishing she were single again.

He noticed her pensive expression as she sat across the table sipping her coffee. Perhaps the doubt in his mind had transferred to hers. He saw her fingers waver as she slipped bread into the toaster.

"Hard day coming up?" she asked. "Medium, I think. And you, what'll you do in this two-roomed mansion?" He hoped the bitterness was not apparent in his voice.

She smiled. There was a radiance in her soft, girlish features. She didn't look her twenty years.

"I'll read the baby book I got at the library so that I can be a good mother, then see what recipes there are in the paper, and take my walk to the shops. I suppose I'll knit a bit more of the baby jacket and listen to the radio and perhaps write a letter or two."

Her hands fluttered gaily. "By then



After Katie smiled questioningly at Duncan she took the box he held out to her.

it will be time to get dinner for my husband. Woman's work is never done."

He laughed back at her, amused and incredulous at the intense wifeliness of this small, lovely girl. He took her in his arms and bent to kiss her nose, her cheeks, and lips. Then he grabbed his hat and sprinted out of the door.

On the bus he tried to plan his day's work because he didn't want to think of Katie. He felt somehow inadequate, as though he owed her a special gift of gratitude for her love, something tangible that he couldn't give her. Even a gold medal wouldn't express it, he thought.

As he entered the office, the blond switchboard-operator called, "Hello," tossing her head so that her large, star-shaped, rhinestone earrings danced.

During the morning Duncan compiled sale figures, then dictated to Delia, a pool typist. Her face was cool, impassive, with eyebrows slightly raised and full lips fixed in a smile.

He imagined Delia was about Katie's age. But what fun Delia seemed to be having as part of this organisation, beautifully groomed with her long auburn hair drawn into a low chignon, and with glittering star earrings.

At coffee-time Duncan observed the girls, all so well dressed and assured, gliding through the cafeteria just as they glided through their duties. And he noticed with amusement that they all wore twinkling, star-shaped earrings as though they were young goddesses transporting bits of lustrous firmament.

This week's fad, he supposed. He had noticed before how all the girls would suddenly take to wearing scarves tied in tight little knots at their throats or all change suddenly to a paler color of lipstick. And now the starry earrings. It seemed to make them happy, and certainly all these fads caught the eyes of every male in the office.

Then miserably he thought, Katie should be here, slim and chic, carefree, taking shorthand, exchanging coffee-gossip with the girls, wearing starry earrings.

At noon he went to a department store, made his purchase (surprisingly only ten shillings), and returned to the office whistling.

The afternoon sped by, and on the bus going home he felt less tired than usual, visualising Katie's smile as she

opened the box. A small present, true, but she would understand the love that accompanied it.

Quietly he let himself into the flat. Looking into the kitchen he saw her and felt new despair.

There she was, standing over the steaming pots and pans. She wore a pale blue dress now with a bow at the collar; otherwise the scene was just as it had been in the morning. She bent patiently over her mixtures. Her dark hair was damp and wispy, but the pink ribbon was still tied around it.

Then she turned and smiled and came to kiss him. As they separated he detected the faint weariness in her face. He led her over to the sofa. Angriely he thought, you don't belong to a kitchen, cooking on an ancient stove; you deserve more from life than I will be able to give you for years.

He took the box from his pocket and held it out to her. She looked at him questioningly, then with trembling fingers carefully untied the string.

The earrings caught the light and seemed to glitter and swell from the centre out to their starry points. They suddenly seemed enormous. Gaudy and—he glanced at Katie—inappropriate.

For a moment he was puzzled. The earrings had been so attractive — so right — on the girls at the office. But on Katie —

Just then he remembered. She had always been a girl apart. She had used less make-up than the others, had worn simpler clothes and no jewellery. She hadn't needed them. There was something in her smile and in her courageous eyes that outshone any jewellery.

Slowly he took them from her hand. "They're not beautiful," he said, looking at her clear-faced beauty.

She was smiling as though she understood the joke that had been played on both of them, as though she was aware of the reassurance they had both needed—and now had. Duncan was certain everything would go well for them; they had a bright future.

"Darling," he said, "I've discovered something. You're the pink-ribbon type."

Grinning, she said, "And I thought you knew it all the time."

Then she sniffed suspiciously and ran to the stove.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 29, 1938

Bite into "Snack" — six true-flavour centres



PINEAPPLE CREAM

CREAM CARAMEL

STRAWBERRY CREAM

TURKISH DELIGHT

FRENCH NOUGAT

FRUIT SUNDAY

Excite your taste with...

"Snack"

— 12 novelty-shaped pieces in all

— the chocolate block that's

just like a box of chocolates

Mm-m-m make mine...
MacRobertson's

Mac. Robertson's

MILK CHOCOLATE

"Snack"



2/-

and 1/- blocks

reach for new health

Be regular

the way
Nature intended



*With ALL-BRAN'S "bulk" in your daily diet
you'll never need to bully Nature again!*

IF you ate the same food as your grandparents, it's almost certain that your headachy "half health" and nagging irregularity would never have developed!

Their food was chock-full of "bulk", put there by Nature to allow the intestinal muscles to grip waste matter and move it through the system. Nature took its course almost automatically.

Modern food is different. It is highly refined, often over-processed . . . vital "bulk" is often missing.

Our internal muscles, with nothing to grip, grow flabby. The system becomes clogged. We begin to experience the unpleasant symptoms of irregularity and incomplete elimination. And the reason lies, quite simply, in that missing "bulk."

WORKING AGAINST NATURE

Not knowing this, many people take laxatives and purgatives—to "help Nature along." Nothing could be less safe than these *unnatural* means!

The magazine of the British Medical

Association issued this grave warning on the subject:

"The constant use of purgatives can do more harm than good. Remedies of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

This fact was known in A.D. 100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since.

If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

In other words, break the laxative habit, stop bullying Nature! Add "bulk" to your diet and you'll be working with Nature, not against it, to remove the cause of your irregularity.

REPLACING THE BULK



Bran is the outer layer of wheat.

In no other food is bulk so ideally found as in bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat.

Kellogg's process and shred this bran into a delicious breakfast cereal flavoured with malt, sugar and salt. Its name is All-Bran.

NEW HEALTH IN 10 DAYS

All-Bran is a tasty, nut-sweet laxative cereal with a flavour many people prefer to any other. Sprinkle it over your present breakfast cereal; cook with it or enjoy it by itself, with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Gently but firmly, your

internal muscles will respond to All-Bran's natural bulk.

Continue to eat your favourite foods but enjoy a plate of All-Bran at breakfast. Within a few days, your system will be functioning the way Nature intended. Besides its natural "bulk," All-Bran is rich in Vitamin B₁, B₂, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. It's a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one.

Millions of people all over the world reach for good health and natural regularity every morning, with All-Bran.

Now that you know how to add "bulk" to your daily diet, why not take advantage of this promise to you:

Enjoy delicious nut-sweet All-Bran for ten days and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's—and double your money will be gladly refunded.

Kb00

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Limited.

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

There's art in her kitchen

WHILE kitchens so stiff and unhomely these days with cupboards everywhere giving the impression of everything being under lock and key? Not so in mine. Pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly line the walls. The Queen Mother smiles at me as I dine; the Strada Lucke quads play around the Monaco family. Look at Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip and their lovely children; our own Shirley Strickland; Herb Elliott and his wife; Namatjira smiling broad; flowers galore and pictures of prize cats and dogs also in my Art Gallery. Humorous glances from people who don't approve of the war only amuse me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Green, North Perth, W.A.

Ate their way

ON an eighty-mile coach trip, two schoolgirls who boarded the bus at 2 p.m. ate their way through numerous packets of scorched almonds, caramels, peppermints, toffees, and other sweets until afternoon at 4 o'clock. They followed this with hot chipped potatoes and more sweets until they reached their destination about 5 p.m.

Besides the 10/- to 13/- cost of the three hours' eating, their sheer gluttony was amazing! Are parents over-indulgent or are we breeding a generation of children bordering on selfish gluttons?

£1/1/- to "Traveller" (name supplied), Lismore, N.S.W.

Plastic sloppiness

NOTING a growing carelessness in her two small daughters, a young mother I know has given up using plastic tablecloths except on rare occasions. She maintains that constant use of these cloths encourages carelessness in both children and adults.

Spilled food is easily disposed of and little harm done. Then comes the day when children are taken out to dine. Is it their fault if they don't know how to respect the nice, clean tablecloth? For a hurried snack plastic might be all right, but for at least the main meal of the day a clean cloth should be used.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Stenson, Port Lincoln, S.A.

SOS whistles

IF elderly people living alone made a practice of carrying strong-sounding whistles in their pockets, they would be able to summon help in the event of accident or illness.

£1/1/- to Alice Donovan, Warrroonga, N.S.W.

Hypnotise yourself

IF sleepless, close your eyes and imagine you are looking straight into them — glancing neither above, below, nor to either side. Concentrating on this, try to relax. The next thing you will know is that you have been asleep. It has seldom failed me.

£1/1/- to Noel B. Owen, Enfield, S.A.

She liked the motel service

I SAY that the motels which are springing up everywhere are tops. After recently touring in Victoria and western New South Wales I found motels far surpass the services given in the majority of hotels listed as "first rate."

The attitude at many hotels is "Take room number so-and-so," and it is left at that. At motels one gets the best of attention, civility, comfort, service, and meals.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Preston, Waverley, N.S.W.

Are nurses noisy?

AS a trainee nurse, all I can say to Miss Van Deth (1/7/59), who criticised noisy hospital staff, is that I would think she was the most marvellous person I have ever known — if she could work in a busy hospital ward for just one day without making at least a small amount of "unnecessary noise." How is it possible for us to avoid these "unnecessary noises" when patients are buzzing in all directions, and while trying to attend to their wishes as well as your own work (which may be serving lunches) you can hear in the background a sister or doctor calling on you to assist?

£1/1/- to Miss B. M. Parish, Liverpool, N.S.W.

They pay, too

I AM entirely in agreement with Miss van Deth (1/7/59) and, to add insult to injury, we have to pay dearly for what should be free. If Queensland can give free hospital treatment, what is wrong with New South Wales? What of the proceeds from the State lotteries, originally to be reserved for hospitals, and the thousands of pounds from the racecourses — totalisator turnover, the tax on bookmakers, etc.?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Bruce Thomson, Condell Park, N.S.W.

Drink — or tax?

I'M fascinated by the tireless efforts of those waging war against the evils of "drink." If they succeeded, taxation would rise astronomically. How would our warriors like their tax doubled?

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. R. McArthur, Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Game soothes them

WE found long car trips tiring for the children until we invented the "what would you do?" game. It is played by a parent or elder child creating a situation such as, "The house is on fire," or "dog eats school lunch." Each child then gives a description of how he or she would cope with it. It is both entertaining and instructing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. C. Costain, Garfield, Vic.

Caravan bedroom

HARD pressed for sleeping accommodation after the arrival of our sixth child, we bought a no longer road-worthy caravan very cheaply. Paint and attractive curtains and bed covers have turned it into a wonderful new bedroom for the boys. Besides solving the accommodation problem, the house is tidier and far less noisy — a blessing where there is a baby to consider.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. C. Meadows, Sunnybank, Brisbane.

Ross Campbell writes...

I CAME home and found my wife looking red-eyed and distressed.

At first I thought she had missed winning a trip round the world or a lifetime supply of peanut butter in that slogan competition she entered.

But the trouble was she had lost her umbrella. "I left it in the bus," she said huskily. "It was such a nice one, too..."

It was a fancy red umbrella with a long handle. That was why she was so upset.

Women's umbrellas all used to be lumpy little things. They were all right for using as truncheons, but a woman couldn't swing one or lean on it or touch the ground and spear bits of paper and orange peel with it, which is half the fun of having an umbrella.

Then these long-handled ones came in. My wife is very taken with them, but she can't hang on to them.

I don't blame her, because I lose umbrellas myself. The only safe way would be to tie them to you with a piece of string, like the mugs we used to take to Sunday School

GONE GAMPS

picnics. But I suppose it would not look very elegant.

In my view it is a mistake to get too fond of an umbrella — like a cat — because something always happens to them.

When I was a young fop I bought



an expensive one with a malacca cane handle. One night at a party I leaned on it to vault over a flowering shrub and it broke in two. An umbrella that cost so much should have been more reliable.

As you are sure to lose your umbrella some time, it is best to have one you don't mind losing. The

snag is that very cheap umbrellas may begin falling to pieces before you lose them.

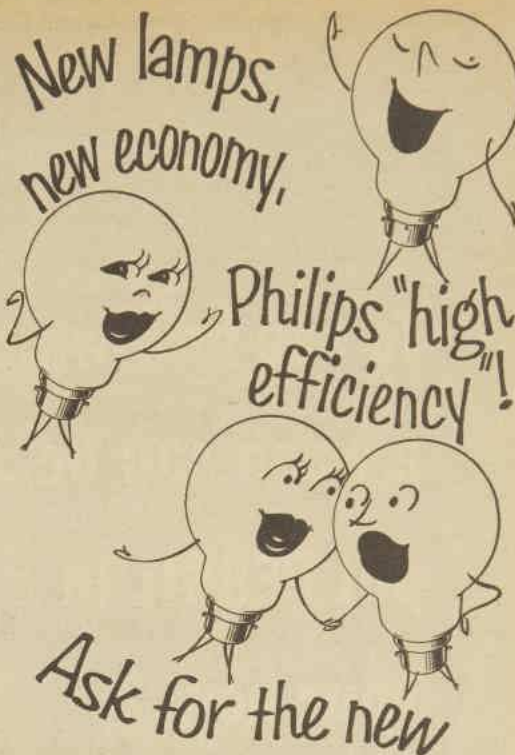
I had one till just lately. Two of the metal-stay things came loose, so that when you opened the umbrella they poked holes through the fabric.

Another fault of this umbrella was that it wouldn't stay closed. As you walked along with it folded up it gradually opened and made you look a goat.

We reduced it to the lowest grade of umbrella service — holding over people while they go from the door to their car. Cec McGoon used it for this purpose one night and has not returned it, so we might be rid of it for good.

We have three other umbrellas, which were left by people at our place and never claimed. The best one, unfortunately, is a child's one with pictures of Donald Duck on it.

As for replacing the one my wife just lost, she says she can't face the responsibility of having a fancy umbrella again and a cheap one will do. I keep telling her she is right. It is always the good umbrellas that die young.



Ask for the new

PHILIPS



high-efficiency LAMPS

—for more light at no extra cost!

PHILIPS — AUSTRALIA'S MOST TRUSTED NAME IN LIGHTING FOR OVER 50 YEARS P1509/59

Sew it with...

GENUINE DEWHURST'S "SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST

OVER 340 FAST COLOURS



Satisfying



Each of the FIVE full-sized sticks gives extra satisfaction

To see how white
a wash can be...
put PERSIL in
your new
HOOVERMATIC



THE MAKERS OF HOOVER RECOMMEND PERSIL...
because they want your machine to do its best for you

NEW HOOVERMATIC — TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED!



It washes, rinses and spin dries your whole family wash in just half an hour. Cuts out waiting time between loads because your second load washes while the first is rinsing. Hoovermatic's patented pulsator is even more effective than boiling, and the automatic timer prevents over-washing... guides your rinse and spin dry timing, too. For homes without hot water systems, there's a Hoovermatic with a built-in heater, which heats the water as hot as you want it, right in the washing tub.

You and your washing-machine maker both know — it's whiteness that counts on washday. Whiteness *proves* cleanness. And nothing washes whiter than Persil. You can see the difference. Ordinary whites look drab by comparison.

33% more pure soap in Persil now — for whiteness with gentleness!

Persil's 33% extra pure soap gives you that famous Persil whiteness so very gently. Persil is fully recommended for use in all washing machines, because it washes so gently and thoroughly. — Every week millions of women all over the world use nothing but Persil in their precious washing machines. How about you?

Persil washes whiter

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ...

Spring Fashions

• *Femininity. That's the word to describe current fashion.*

Because curves are back: bosom, waist, and hips are in their natural place, and the extreme "lines" of recent years are passe. All the Paris collections stress simplicity. But there are a host of details to be noted—the accented shoulderline, important sleeves, the wide-belted waist, rounded hips. So ... look what's happening to spring fashions ... women have shape, and vital statistics are really vital again.



ACRILAN[®]

is here!



toss away your old ideas about sweaters!



Wonderful news! **ACRILAN**, the marvellous acrylic fibre by Chemstrand famous in America, England and Europe, is now in Australia! When knitteds are made from **ACRILAN**, they stay kitten soft... look brand new **always!** Washable? Completely. Fast-drying? In hours. Blocking and measuring? Forget them.

ACRILAN is here! No more "luxury" sweaters that shrink from washing! No more "washable" sweaters that lose their softness! Next time you go shopping for sweaters, be good to yourself. Shop where you can get sweaters made of **ACRILAN**.



There's no other fibre like ACRILAN (it makes fabrics look and feel luxurious).



You're free of ironing problems (clothes made of ACRILAN need little pressing).



No more rag-doll look (ACRILAN helps clothes keep their shape).



Down go your cleaning bills (clothes made of ACRILAN can wash in a flash).




Moths can't find a home here (ACRILAN is resistant to heat and mildew).

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LOOK  WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ...

The Suit

● *Skirts are slim and slick. They're short, of course, but they show a flattering length of leg.*

Jackets are mostly short, too. Cardin chops them off at the waist; Dior's are longer, often belted.



EASY ELEGANCE (above) from Maison Dior in a shantung ensemble. Its loose jacket is tightly belted at the waist and tied with a bow. The hat's fabric matches.

TWO SUITS from Cardin stress the importance of collars. At left, the collar is built up with plaited fabric; at right, it is folded low on the jacket's shoulderline.

LONGER JACKET, from Dior (left), is unbelted. There's fashion news in the wide, loose chiffon belt, which extends from bust to hips. The ropes of crystal are a "must."



LOOK



WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ...

Dre

PATOU. The yoke extends into the sleeves for the wide-shouldered look on a chic bodice that's pleated blouson - style.



GOMA. Note the new double-knotted belt, and of course the box-pleated skirt. The dress is made in shantung material.



● **Pleats...** pl
seen everywhere
his most pop
varied colors (on
Yves Saint-La
cape collar, to
accordion, s
pressed side-ple
swing. Waist
subtlety of cut
by a wide,

CARDIN features a cross-over pleated bodice, a tiny cinched waist, an almost slim skirt, and adds a necklet accent.



MAISON DIOR. Saint - Laurent pleats skirt, bodice, and high cape collar for the nearly casual look of understated elegance.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

July 29, 1959



Supplement: Not to
be sold separately.

*The way
to a boy's
heart
... pages 8, 9*

LETTERS

Crazy mixed-up adults!

WHO composes most hit tunes? Who directs and produces horror shows? Who publishes and writes undesirable books? Who manufactures loud clothes? Adults, of course. If anyone is crazy and mixed up, it's the adults.—"Onlooker," Rochester, Vic.

Does age matter?

WHY is it that adults always say to girls of 13 or 14, "You shouldn't be thinking about boys at your age"? I think it's quite normal for girls to be thinking of boys at any age. I bet they thought of boys when they were our age.—"Teenager In Love," Chatswood, N.S.W.

"T.W." goes to U.S.

I SENT a copy of the first issue of Teenagers Weekly to my pen-friend in New York, and in her latest letter she says, "Teenagers Weekly is just mighty. Over here we haven't anything like it. I'd like it very much if you would send me each week's copy." I think it would be a wonderful idea if other teenagers sent copies to their friends overseas.—K.A.H., Drummayne, N.S.W.

Milkbar manners

I AGREE with "Elvis Forever" (T.W., 1/7/59) that there's nothing wrong with teenagers gathering in hamburger "haunts" and milkbars, al-



MAUREEN SLATEL
... milkbars are fine.

though I think she must have been unusually dressed or acting up to be labelled a "widgie." All my friends and almost every local teenager—more than 100—meet at one of the milkbars down at our beach. There are nearly always at least four teenagers there. We all behave ourselves. The proprietors are a very nice English couple and are, incidentally, very popular with the adults also.—Maureen Slatel, Dee Why, N.S.W.

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.



SALLY JORDAN
... junior models' club.

School-age models

LARGE stores or well-known modelling schools should form a separate modelling club for teenagers still at school (say, between the ages of 14 and 17) who wish to become models later on. The girls would gain experience by modelling teenage clothes during the school holidays and perhaps on Saturday mornings.—Sally Jordan, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Likes classics

WHAT is so dreadful about classical music or ballet? The boys I know all admit when there is no one around that they like these things, but they say it as though confessing to a crime. In front of anyone, even smaller sisters, they call it corny, square, etc., but know all the time that they enjoy it. I like pop tunes, hits, jazz, rock-'n-roll, too, so don't think I'm completely square.—Brenda Hughes, 8 Churchill Ave., Ascot Vale, Vic.

Big feet

WHY is it that when a boy stands on his partner's feet at a dance he thinks nothing of it? He may just say "I'm sorry" or sometimes simply go on without saying anything. But when a girl stands on a boy's feet he gives her the blackest of looks, and seems to be about to murder her, even if she apologises. Usually a girl's feet are several sizes smaller than a boy's, so it is much harder for a girl to keep off a boy's feet. Girls would enjoy dances much more if both sexes were equal.—"Jennifer J.," West Preston, Vic.

BOYS AT DANCES

... too shy

WHEN boys stand together in groups at dances and won't mix it's not their fault. It is the fault of the hostess or organiser. If these boys were introduced to the girls they wouldn't be so shy.—B.L., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

... tactlessly stare

WHY must boys tramp pensively round the hall between dances, casting critical eyes from a girl's head to her toes and back again, passing on to look at her girl-friend? Most girls would appreciate it if boys could choose their partners with a little more tact. After all, we are not prize heifers—"Portia," Geelong, Vic.

... hate dress talk

HAVE we girls ever thought how sick and tired boys must get of "Hasn't so-and-so got a lovely hat?" and "Doesn't what's-her-name look awful in pink?" At least cars are something worth discussing. Why don't we try to join the group at the end of the dance-hall and show some interest in cars? Men love feeling superior, and soon you'll find they'll turn their interest from cars to you and you'll have those dances you long for.—Penelope Evans, Lurline Bay, N.S.W.

... knocked back

WHEN I go to our local Saturday dance, 20 or 30 girls dance with each other. When we boys go up and ask the girls for a dance they turn us down and we don't think it right. The girls look like little children. When two girls are dancing together and two boys come up and ask for a dance they should say yes.—John Ellis, Merrylands, N.S.W.

Penniless poet

GIRLS these days judge a fellow by the car he drives—the better the car the more popular he is. Ask to take a girl home from a dance or party and her first question is, "Do you have a car?" If you haven't, nine times out of ten you go home alone. I don't intend to get in debt and worry myself over buying a car to win popularity, so I'm still looking for a girl who's not car conscious (if any).

P.S.:

I can manage the movies,
A theatre or two,
Dinner in town
For a girl who is true;
I can run to a malted,
Maybe a coke,
But as for a car—
It would just leave me broke.
—"Anti-Hot-Rod," Wiley Park, N.S.W.

OUR COVER GIRL is a pretty mademoiselle who shows the way Paris decrees you should swing into spring—wearing soft colors with subtle make-up.

OUR PIN-UP BOYS (Page 16) are four Aussies and one New Zealander, photographed by Jim Ellard. Success story of the youngest, Dig Richards—Page 6.

"Tall Paul" says

AFTER reading Teenagers

Weekly for the last three issues I have realised just how many teenagers are having the same trouble with clothes. That is, the clothes they wish to wear but are not allowed to buy. Most parents maintain that the present fashions are too gaudy. My parents are against my choice of bright pullovers because "bodgies" (boys with long or very short hair, according to my mother) wear bright clothes. I am big and do not mind admitting it—but I am constantly plagued with my parents saying: "You're too big to wear bright clothes."

Of course they do not realise how ridiculous they look in their photos of the "Roaring Twenties," or even in photos taken in 1948. Bright clothes make me feel fresh and bright, both inwardly and outwardly. But if I wore the clothes my parents like (black or brown double-breasted, 24in. cuffs, high-collared suits) I would feel very depressed. I am 6ft. 6in. and weigh 16 stone and wear red sweaters and pegged trousers and gay socks—and I let no criticism interfere with my choice.—Paul S., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Make-up in school

WHY can't secondary girls' schools have classes on make-up before the girls leave



DOREEN DALLAS
... make-up classes.

school and start out on their jobs? It is a shame to see pretty girls look cheap by the incorrect use of make-up. I think that cosmetics from various "beauty houses" would be only too glad to give lectures.—Doreen Dallas, Canley Vale, N.S.W.

Trust the girls

I THINK that parents should put more trust in teenage girls. When a girl wants to go out with a girl-friend the parents think they are going to meet boys, so they are refused permission to go anywhere.—K. Matchett, 568 Warringah Rd., Forestville, N.S.W.



JOHN JONES
... Pat Boone fan.

Boone's the boy

PAT BOONE has a real storehouse of thoughts on our problems, and much of the truth he expresses we cannot afford to ignore. I say we need all the help we can get (without being preached at), so that adulthood won't find us ignorant, unhappy, or with our lives ruined.—John Jones, 175 King's Road, New Lambton, N.S.W.

THAT ELVIS

... vile violet

ALL right, so Colleen Johnston (T.W., 8/7/59) likes Elvis. But when she says, "We would not have a new color like 'Presley Purple' and the boys would not have the wonderful clothes they have now if it were not for Elvis," I had to write. If females like Miss Johnston go on about Elvis the way she does, naturally boys will try to imitate him. The result... side-levers, long hair, jeans, luminous socks! As for "Presley Purple," a better name would be "Vile Violet."—"Turkey," Artarmon, N.S.W.

... sick donkey

SO Elvis is "famous and talented." I think it would be more appropriate to say notorious. He sings like a love-sick donkey.—R.W., Newcastle, N.S.W.

... no lipstick?

I CAN'T stand Elvis Presley. He doesn't act, look, or sing like a man. It's a wonder he doesn't wear lipstick.—Enid Cole, Jerry's Plains, N.S.W.

... can't help it

COLLEEN, the Presley girl, referred to "Old Grandfather Bing Crosby" and "Fatso Mario Lanza." These two gentlemen cannot help it if they are old and fat. Miss Johnston must remember that everyone—even herself—will in time become elderly. And how is she to know that Mr. Lanza does not suffer from glandular trouble, which, through no fault of his own, causes the body to grow big? There is certainly no disgrace in being large.—L.V.W., Kenthurst, N.S.W.

Are YOU a plain Jane TOO?

By a Plain Jane, who learnt how to be happy with the face she had.

● Straight mousy hair; hazel nondescript eyes, strong (big really) nose, double chin. With these features I must face one very plain fact. I'm just a Plain Jane.

Of course, no one tells me I'm plain. It's just a fact I've been aware of since I was able to hold up a mirror, look at myself, and then turn to look at the little girls I played with.

I knew I was plain, but I wasn't hurt about it until I heard my Aunt Caroline talking about one of my cousins, Leonie. I must have been about nine at the time. It was at a family Sunday meal.

"My goodness, they're going to have trouble with Leonie when she starts going out to dances," said Aunt Caroline. "She'll be a knockout."

"She's a beauty, all right," said Gran. "She's beautiful already and she's only the same age as you, isn't she, Jennie?"

I could hardly eat a thing the rest of the meal. I looked secretly at Mum and Dad. I had Mum's pale, ordinary old coloring and Dad's funny big nose and double chin.

I had always thought that they were both good-looking, but now I could see that they had faults which were not really noticeable — except in me.

It was as though they had just picked out the very worst things about themselves and made them all up into ME — plain me.

Nightmare turned into a dream

That night I couldn't sleep. When I did I dreamed that I was at a dance — alone on the wall sitting primly — while my cousin Leonie danced with six boys at once. And then I was her bridesmaid and she a beautiful bride. And then I returned home to Mum and Dad for ever and ever, till they got old. They were a bit ashamed of me, perhaps, but they said: "It's such a comfort to have Jennie at home. We don't know what we'd do without her."

But my nightmare turned into a dream. I'm twenty-two now and I'm going to be mar-

ried in a month. Leonie's going to be the beautiful bridesmaid and I'm going to be the bride.

No one will say what a beautiful bride I make. Because I'm still as plain as ever. I haven't developed from an ugly duckling into a beautiful swan, after all. I don't think I "blossomed" at any stage.

But I've had lots of boy-friends — not hordes of them, like Leonie, but a steady flow of admirers.

I can't really remember if there was one special time when I suddenly forgot that I was plain and became interested in everything else; when I relaxed with people and just acted as though I was at home; when I realised that prettiness or plain-

ness in people really didn't matter two hoots.

At first I thought it would be easy to "learn" to be pretty. I used to make a point of following my cousin Leonie everywhere. I used to lend her my ruler and cover up for her if she got into any trouble at school. I used to do her homework sometimes.

Terrified before her first dance

Then, when we went into secondary school, Leonie and I were split up and I went into a form with more brainy kids. I had to work hard to keep up, and I wanted to get into the school swimming team, too, so I didn't really have time to see much of Leonie.

When I did see her we were awfully friendly and she'd talk about boys and how her mother let her wear lipstick and things, but I wasn't really very interested.

The end of that first year in High School I came fourth in the class and got into the swimming team. Life was pretty good and I can't really remember much about it at all.

But, oh! I do remember at the beginning of the next year, one day Leonie said: "I'm going to the dance that the Thompson kids are giving next month. Have you had your invitation yet?"

I dreaded going home that day. I knew there would be an invitation and I knew that Mum would make me go. I was terrified. Who would dance with me? What would I wear?

But life went on as usual and I'd come home and find Mum had bought some dress patterns for me to look at or the latest fashion magazine that she'd borrowed from a friend.

I was so absorbed with my dress that I hadn't time to be nervous about the dance.

Then suddenly I was all ready. I had the dress on. It fitted. I was all made up.

Leonie looked super, as usual, and was sweet when we got to the dance. She intro-



ONE of the plainest Janes in the world was this girl, who dreamed that one day she would be a great dancer and actress. By the time this picture was taken, when she was only 19, she had succeeded. Know who it is? Leslie Caron.

duced me to the boys who crowded round her when we came out on to the dance floor.

But, of course, I was a wall-flower. And during the few dances I had I could hardly make conversation.

But there was one boy who did make me talk — a friend of Leonie's brother. His name was John and he was nice looking, but more important he was interesting and easy to talk to.

We laughed and chatted and he asked for another dance.

Then everything became fun

I realise now that this had been my first big test — my first triumph over my plain looks, which I might have made into an extraordinary hurdle if things had gone differently.

Dances were fun after that. John asked me out now and then and introduced me to some of his friends.

Of course, I felt nervous just about every time I went out. But I WAS asked out. Mostly in a crowd and we would all go for a picnic or a drive or coffee-bar crawl.

The second time I went to an important dance all the kids from school were there plus the boys from the local boarding school and a visiting football team.

I was dancing with a very handsome member of the

"foreign" team. As usual I couldn't think of a thing to say. He hardly said a word, either. At the end of the dance he said: "Playing football doesn't give you much time to learn to talk to girls."

Suddenly I realised that this great big handsome chap was shy. Shyer, perhaps, than I was.

After that I always remembered, when I felt every shred of confidence leave me and thought that I was so plain that I'd no right to be seen anywhere, that there was always someone who was more scared than I.

So I learnt to understand people and to "draw them out" and to forget myself.

I'm sure my Plain Jane looks helped me to keep many of the fine friends I have, and I know that as far as Sam, my fiance, is concerned, it is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me.

If he loves me, and I'm sure he does, it's the REAL me, just as I am, "au naturel." That gives "me" confidence to go on being just "me" without any affectations at all.

I know that Sam has not fallen for anything about me that will pass with time.

NOTE: Sam is the handsome footballer who couldn't think of a thing to say at the dance.

● Now a Plain Jane can become a Pretty Prince — overleaf.

A teenager transformed



HERE is Jennifer "before" (left) and "after" (right) with the prettier look. Does she like it? "I can hardly remember what I looked like a few hours ago, and I don't even want to!" she said gleefully.

● What girl is completely satisfied with her face, hair, figure, fashion sense? None, if we believe what we see around us every day and read in all those letters you send along in the mail.

ALMOST every young girl seems to have one or more figure or beauty problems to do something about.

For instance, look at Jennifer, the 16-year-old hopeful pictured on these pages. A business girl—not a model—she has face and figure problems much like many of yours. The way in which she solved hers may help you solve yours.

Jennifer had poise, she was eager. So she decided to transform herself from a Plain Jane into a Pretty Prue.

She made a date to have her hair and make-up revamped by someone who has all the clues about these things.

It all began on a Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock when the "before" picture immediately above and the smallest full-length picture on the opposite page were taken. One was to show Jennifer's face before "transforming," the other to show her figure in the dress she had thought right for her.

The hair and make-up expert she went to delights in making faces look prettier and teases, in a kind way, as he works.

"What we are going to do, Jennifer," he said, "is to widen the upper part of your face, make your eyes look larger, make your lower jaw look narrower, and highlight that lovely neck. And all of this we'll do in a way you can do for yourself."



RIGHT. "Remember, Jennifer, when you powder, carry the powder down around your jaw-line and on down your neck and throat," the beauty expert said. "Pat on your powder with a clean puff, wipe off the excess. At night or for photography, you can again 'cheat' a little by using slightly darker powder under your chin and side jaw-line to make your throat narrower."



ABOVE. "Now we're going to use the faintest bit of eyeshadow right up under the brow," he said. "It's pale grey, but you could use a very light beige. No one is supposed to notice it, Jennifer. It's just to make your eyes look larger, not so deep set. Go very lightly for daytime, a little more after dark. Look how it makes your eyes look bigger and much brighter."



HER MAKE-UP finished at last, Jennifer had the protective turban whipped off her head and work then commenced on her hair-do. "Your hair is naturally wavy, so this hair-do will not take much care. A few curls on top—front; a few curls at sides and back, and, above all, a long, uncluttered neckline should do it."

LEFT. Those brows, like little tadpoles! Jennifer's eyebrows had to be re-shaped and widened in order to give width to her face at this point and so reduce that strong jaw-line. She had worked over her brows but fortunately she'd relied on brown pencil (too dark, too heavy, too much in the same place, as shown in top picture). When all the pencil was creamed off and the outer brow-line lightly stroked with brown pencil, her new brow-line was clean and arched as shown in the lower picture.



"NOW we're going to 'cheat' a little on that mouth of yours," the beauty expert said. "We're not going beyond your true lip-line, but we are going to 'paint' a little above and beyond the line of noticeable color. Get yourself a good lip-brush, practise drawing the outline, filling in—the 'art' is yours if you put in a bit of homework."



Small changes make her a pretty girl

THRILLED about her new make-up and smart hair-do, Jennifer was now ready for some fashion advice.

"I've always dressed as a casual type because it seems more becoming to my figure and I don't look so tall," she said.

Her friends looked at this 5ft. 7in. young lady and smiled. She wasn't even tall enough to be a model, yet she was worrying! As for her "overweight," her measurements were in excellent ratio.

Before she went off to shop for new clothes, Jennifer stopped to be fitted with three pairs of shoes, NONE with flat heels.

Flats are fine if you wear them for a fashion reason, a comfort reason. But never wear them to make you look "short." The difference is not that great and you will look more willowy in a small heel.

"You're not going to put me in slinky clothes, are you?" our young lady asked a teenage fashion expert. "No, but you are going to get into clothes that fit you," was the reply.

And with the help and under the watchful eye of the clothes stylist, that's just what she did. You will like the new Jennifer. More important, so does she!

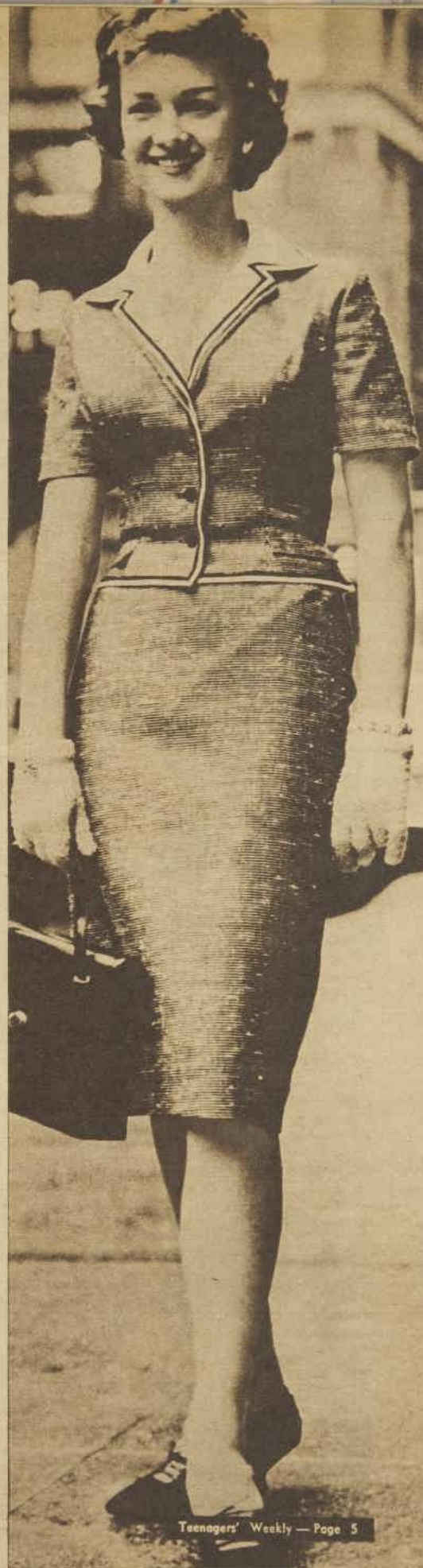


"**SHOULDERS** that fit your shoulders, a flared skirt with some fullness at the waist, a wide belt . . . these will make your waistline look small, conceal unwanted girth," suggested the fashion expert. Jennifer chose a crisp and wonderfully colorful Black Watch plaid.

RIGHT. "No, Jennifer, you don't always have to wear a full skirt. Here's a slim two-piece suit you can wear well and look just sophisticated enough. It's black-and-white cotton tweed. And that smart handbag is correctly proportioned for you," said the expert. This picture is striking proof of how a few little changes in clothes, make-up, and hair styling change an ordinary young girl into a regular eye-catcher.

LEFT. "I'd like a date dress but don't try to pick me out a fussy one. I'd be uncomfortable in it," said Jennifer. So this attractive number was suggested. It's cotton, with scoopneck, tiny puff sleeves, a downright pretty skirt. All these things minimise Jennifer's height. "I've never had so many compliments," she reported. "Even my 12-year-old brother tells me I look pretty keen."

LEFT: Jennifer in her own dowdy, too-enveloping dress. Notice how the length makes her look stubby, the neckline and hair conspire to hide her neck. Flats make her legs look far from slim. The general impression is of an everyday youngster with a winning enough smile, but poorly groomed and carelessly put together.





DIG RICHARDS, newest star in the local rock-'n-roll firmament, gets hep with the help of his R-Jays (from left) Johnny Hayton, Barry Lewis, Peter Baker, and Jay Boogie.



Dig Richards (above) bears a striking resemblance to U.S. actor James Dean (below), the idol of American teenagers, who was killed when his sports car crashed on a Californian road in September, 1955.

Dig has the same lean, loose-limbed look, the same sensitive face and rebellious hair as Dean, who became famous as the "Rebel Without a Cause."



Page 6 — Teenagers' Weekly

Youngest of the local rock-'n-rollers

● Youngest group on the bill of Lee Gordon's current Big Show in Australia is new rock-'n-roll star Dig Richards and his R-Jays. Dig is 19, and the average age of the group is 18.

OF the other Australian bands on the Big Show bill Johnny O'Keefe is 22, and his Dee-Jays' average age is 24; Johnny Devlin is 21 (Devil's average, 20); Johnny Rebb is 20 (Rebels' average, 22); Col Joye is 22 (the same as the Joye Boys' average).

The Delltones, the Australian quartet on the bill, are led by 21-year-old Noel Widerberg and the average age of these Bronte (Sydney) Surf Club members is also 21.

Dig told me: "Our group is one of the youngest in the business."

"Johnny Hayton, who plays the guitar, is 17—he's a salesman. Jay Boogie, the pianist, is 19—he's a professional pianist. Peter Baker, electric bass, is 19, and Barry Lewis, the drummer, is 17. Peter and Barry work in banks."

Dig Richards' first record, "Kansas City," hit the record shops earlier this month.

I was curious about his name. Was it from the rock-'n-roll word "dig," so that everybody could say, "I dig Dig," or "Do you dig, Dig?"

"Oh, no, there's no connection," he said in his very quiet voice. "I was christened Digby."

"But the kids didn't dig Digby, so we made it just Dig, which

is what everybody called me, anyway."

"The R-Jays' name doesn't mean anything, either."

Dig, who also plays a guitar, but not with the R-Jays, came from Narooma, on the N.S.W. South Coast, where his father has an oyster farm.

"I did my Leaving Certificate at Moruya High School," he said, "and came to Sydney last year to do a trainee manager's course with one of the big department stores."

"Music was just a pastime with me then. I used to sing at home, in concerts and things like that, but nothing very much."

"One day last August I was in a music shop in the city buying music for my young brother. There were a couple of other fellows trying out the guitars and we started talking."

"Next thing we were playing and having a little concert."

"Later they told me their names were Johnny Hayton and Barry Lewis."

"Not long afterwards, we formed a band and started to run our own dances. We built up a following until we were playing three or four nights a week."

"We decided to try television. I went along to see Brian Henderson at TCN, Channel 9 and

suggested that he have a real band—us—as well as the recorded music he was using on his programme 'Bandstand'."

"He agreed—and we made our television debut."

"There were other television dates, too, and then we invited one of the record companies to send a talent scout out to our weekly dance at Cabramatta."

"He asked us up for an audition and they decided to record us playing 'Kansas City.'"

"The flipside is 'I Wanna Love You,' and the terrific part is that my young brother, Doug, wrote it."

"There are only the two of us. Doug's 16 and in fourth year at school, but he's a terrific musician; he can play absolutely anything. He's working now on some new songs for the extended play we have coming up."

"I gave up my job about two months ago to concentrate on music. We had played six nights in a row and worked every day, too. I was a real wreck."

"I thought about it a lot, but there seemed a pretty good chance that we would make good."

"Some of our girls, who are good organisers, got thousands of signatures around the dances and record bars, asking Lee Gordon to put us on."

"It worked, and he has signed me up for a year. Dad came up from Narooma to help me with the contracts."

"I hope to get a car out of the Big Show—some kind of sports car."

Dig lives in a boarding-house in Randwick and goes home to Narooma on rare free weekends.

"I used to play golf, tennis, and football at home, but I don't have time for any of that now," he said.

I asked him what was the special appeal of rock-'n-roll.

"It's hard to say just what it is really," he said. "I suppose it's the beat as much as anything. And the kids seem to want someone to look up to—a kind of hero-worship."

"It's a strange business to be in. For one thing, you don't know how long you're going to last. It may be six or seven years. It may be a lot less."

"When I'm finished with rock-'n-roll, or it's finished with me, I think I'd like to stay in show business. Perhaps some kind of acting. I've never done any, but I'd love to."

Dig said that all rockers had some kind of gimmick.

"Col Joye swings his arm around and does a couple of steps to one side," he said.

"I have a flexible mike and I guess I wave it about a bit. The kids think so, anyway. At Cabramatta the other night they presented me with a yo-yo."

"Apart from that, I just try to be myself."

● To page 16 for 5-IN-1 pin-up of Dig Richards, Johnny O'Keefe, Johnny Devlin, Johnny Rebb, and Col Joye.

Australian disc jockey writes

ALL ABOUT THE RECORD STARS

● Hi-dee ho-dee, everybo-dee! This is Bob Rogers calling you from America.

IN the past week I've been Fabian's guest at Dick Clark's TV Spectacular, sat in on Doris Day's latest record session, and watched Tommy Sands wow them at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York.

And in Las Vegas, in the 117-degree heat of the Nevada Desert, I've watched — in air-conditioned comfort — Louis Prima and Keely Smith, Lena Horne, Bobby Darin, Patti Page, Eydie Gorme, Peggy Lee, and a dozen others.

This unbelievable multi-million-dollar playground caters for holidaying Americans with such lavishness that even the bellboys are able to spend £2000 on air-conditioning their own homes with the taxless tips that flow so freely.

Las Vegas is fabulous—and so is Fabian. This handsome 16-year-old policeman's son from Philadelphia more than deserves his success.

Strikingly handsome, muscles fairly bursting from beneath his brightly colored casual shirts, Fabian is the hottest act in the teenage field today.

But he retains a boyish modesty that surprises everybody. The only person who does not realise his success is Fabian.

When I talked to him about Australia (Lee Gordon has booked him for a Big Show, probably in October), "Fabe," as he is devotedly called by his three secretaries, was overjoyed to know he would be well received.

Stole the show

Fabe and his manager, Bob Marcucci, invited me along to see the Dick Clark TV Tribute to the top record stars of the past decade. Backstage I met Fats Domino, the lovely McGuire Sisters, Johnny Mathis, Stan Kenton, Les Paul, and Mary Ford, and Stan Freberg.

But it was Fabian himself who stole the show, first with his new hit, "Tiger," and then with the cute tongue-in-cheek impression of the original crooner, Rudy Vallee, complete with megaphone, singing "Your Time Is My Time." (Ask Mum and Dad about Rudy Vallee.)

Fabian has at last cleared

up the mystery of his surname, so long a deep, dark secret. It's Forte.

Tommy Sands, such a huge success in his Australian concerts earlier this year, faced the strongest test of his spectacular career when he opened at the Stardust Room of the ultra-sophisticated Waldorf Astoria.

Tommy starts his show with songs like "Ain't We Got Fun" and "In the Still of the Night" before the change to rock-'n-roll. This he does most impressively.

First he sings with the Count Basie Band, the best big band in the country today. Then suddenly Tommy's group, The Sharks, appear dressed in bright scarlet coats. Tommy discards his impeccable black dinner-jacket in favor of scarlet, loops his guitar over his shoulder, and proceeds to break the whole place up.

Tommy at Waldorf

Here for the first time within the sober walls of the Stardust Room is a good-lookin' lad wailing such rocking favorites as "Hound Dog" and "All Shook Up." And how the crowd love it. Packed audiences every night, adults as well as teenagers.

The Platters, who visited Australia with Tommy, are enjoying an enforced holiday on the West Coast because of the illness of the only gal in the group, Zola Taylor. On the eve of yet another trip to England, Zola was taken to hospital for what I am pleased to report was a successful operation.

Buck Ram, The Platters' guiding genius, told me the cancellation had cost them £200,000.

I was delighted when Buck invited me to visit his home while I was in Hollywood. After dinner, in Buck's music room surrounded by souvenirs of The Platters' tours all around the world, I was given a sneak preview of The Platters' unreleased records. Believe me, this group figures to be in the charts for a long time to come.

Here's a secret — his charming 14-year-old daughter, appropriately named Melody, gives pride of place in her room to a personally autographed photo — not of The Platters but of Frankie Avalon!

In Hollywood I also met Doris Day. Although she has never visited us, Doris knows much of our country through her friendship with Lew and Jenny Hoad and Ken and Wilma Rosewall.

Doris is a mad-keen tennis player ("keeps me slim"). She was recording "Pillar of Fire," the title tune of her latest movie. Personality just bubbles out of this girl and her complete lack of pretence won me right over. Incidentally, she wears no make-up except when in front of the cameras.

I'm off to London now, then Paris, Rome, and Johannesburg, but pretty soon, in fact by the time you are reading this, I expect to be back with you at 2UE.

—Bob Rogers



DISC JOCKEY Bob Rogers spent much of his "holiday" in America interviewing and meeting top recording stars such as Linda Laurie (above) and Fabian (surname Forte, at right). Of Linda, the girl with two voices, who wrote and sang the "Ambrose" records, Bob says: "It wasn't easy interviewing her. I was never quite sure whether I was talking to Linda or Ambrose. Both were keenly looking forward to their Australian tour." Linda is now appearing in Lee Gordon's Big Show on tour of Australia. Fabian is expected to tour for Lee Gordon in October.



LISTEN HERE — WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

JAZZ Collectors of jazz piano records will go for the work of that most distinctive pianist Errol Garner, in "Penthouse Serenade" (LTZA.15125), a new-old LP made up of 14 tracks, all of which except two were first recorded in 1949.

His mood is relaxed, but he never gets into a full groove.

Capricious Garner varies his brilliant style from band to band and the result is fascinatingly varied. It is all the more amazing that he has never learned to read music. Like so many colored folk, he is a born natural musician.

I like the tunes he has chosen, especially "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance," "I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me," "I Cover the Waterfront," and "More Than You Know."

The two tracks that date back to 1945 are Gershwin's "Somebody Loves Me" and Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust."

POPS If ever Nat Cole decided to abdicate his position as "King," it wouldn't be long before his throne had a new occupant. I'm thinking of young Johnny Mathis, who is heir-apparent material, make no mistake about it. His early songs were interesting, but he comes right into his own with the dozen he sings in his latest album, "Open Fire, Two Guitars" (KLP-773).

The guitars, I should mention, are fortunately not the raucous rock type. They're handled discreetly by Al Caiola and Tony Mottola, providing an intimate backing for Johnny's already intimate style.

The album takes its name from the theme "Open Fire," and Johnny creates a warm and gentle atmosphere with numbers like "Tenderly," "Embraceable You," "I'll Be Seeing You," and "In the Still of the Night."

IN quite a different mood is Paul Anka's new 45 r.p.m. single in which he tells in no uncertain way that he's a

"Lonely Boy" (WG-SPN-808). Like the backing, "Your Love," it was written by Paul, and you can tell that he's having a whale of a time putting them over to a solid rhythm.

The lyrics don't put much strain on one's imagination, but if you're keen for the Big Beat you'll probably want to buy "Lonely Boy."

MARCHES If your man is a hi-fi addict you'd better draw his attention to a long-player called "A Hi-Fi Band Concert" (WG-BMM-668), which has 11 tracks of top-quality sound.

Even if march music is not your dish, you'll still find it hard not to get a lift from the way The Pride of the '48 Band presents so dashing such familiar numbers as "Anchors Aweigh," "March of the Toys," "Under the Double Eagle," "American Patrol," and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

You could also keep this platter in mind if Dad has a birthday coming up soon.

THE WAY TO A BOY'S HEART IS . . .

• Boys aren't really as strange as many girls believe. They have the same doubts and uncertainties as girls do. But there is one thing they have no doubt about—an invitation to a meal at your place is regarded almost universally as a highly dangerous one.

IT is mad but true. If you want your boy-friend to visit your house, and enjoy himself, you have a whole background of male psychology to overcome.

The trouble is, your boy-friend has a grandfather. He has inherited from him an ingrained belief that when a girl asks him to her place it is much more

than just an invitation to a meal.

For when grandfather was asked for Sunday night high tea he knew that he was not asked for the meal at all. He was asked to meet the family, to be looked over by them, with a view to matrimony with the girl who had so guilelessly invited him.

He endured a trying meal and endless awkward conversation under the eye of the family

portraits looking down from the dining-room walls.

This is a highly colored and exaggerated picture. Girls know that today it's not true; boys—grandfathers' grandsons—don't. You listen to them sometimes. The words they use to one another about such invitations range round "hooked," "trapped," and "caught."

So when you first ask your boy-friend to tea make sure the invitation seems unplanned.

. . . Yes, through his stomach. But before you can show off your cooking you have to get that certain person to your house—without making him feel he's going to be "looked over" by the family.

The first step in the invitation is to have your parents' wholehearted approval. Grudging permission shows.

Best kind of first invitation is a planned unplanned one after a day out or tennis at the club. It's best if you can ask another couple of people who are present to come, too.

If it's a good aspect the thing is to say something like "Let's all go round to my place now and eat and then watch TV."

Ask permission

For this kind of planned unplanned invitation you've got to have your parents' permission to prepare food. As you don't know at that stage whether the invitation will come off or not, it has to be something which the family will enjoy if your friends don't come.

Boys, of course, always admire girls who can cook. Not everything from soup to nuts but just one thing cooked well.

It might just be the sippets for the pea soup—and that's an idea for the winter party—or it might be a lush concoction like one of those pictured in the page opposite.

They're sure to make a hit at any party—planned, planned-unplanned, or not planned at all.

And if something happens and you're left without guests, the family will be thrilled to help out by eating any of these mouth-melters.

The most successful tea is always one everyone helps at.

"WOULD YOU LIKE to come over for Sunday tea?" Australian model Judy Carlton is the girl talking on her old-world telephone.

To start the eating, have a make-it-yourself buffet. If you've got a big kitchen, have it in there—kitchen parties always have a special atmosphere—but if not have it in the dining-room.

The best buffet food is bread rolls and fillings. Put everything you've got on the table. From the kitchen shelves put things like peanut butter, marmite, mustard. Add garlic and other kinds of sausage or cold meat, cheese (a couple of kinds), pickled onions, hard-boiled eggs, tomato sauce, tomatoes and lettuce, salted peanuts and pickles, jam and bananas, apples, celery, and baked beans.

You might prefer something else to bread rolls. Sometimes it's more fun to get those long French rolls (some bakers call them wife-beaters), or, if you live out of the fancy-bread-and-bread-roll country, cut some Vienna loaves lengthwise and use those.

Lucky-dip dish

Whatever you have, cut them lengthwise, then let everyone have a go at filling them with his particular fancy. When the lid goes on, cut the loaf into lengths, and it's a kind of lucky-dip dish.

If you've got individualists around you can cut them off their own bit and let them fill it themselves, indulging their own weird tastes.

Fruit cake and cheese is wonderful, peanut butter, jam, cheese, and banana, one on top of the other, simply fabulous.

And, before we get on to the recipes, just one more word about getting him to your place: always make your invitation easy to refuse. Never, never start it with the world's worst





social mistake: "Doing anything on Sunday night?" That's just asking for a social squelch. You're sure to dazzle him with:

ICE-CREAM RIBBON CAKE

You'll need: One package chocolate cake mix, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint strawberry ice-cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint lime ice-cream (or any other flavors), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.

In advance you'll soften the ice-cream slightly. Whip cream. Then do the following: Make the chocolate cake as directed on package. When cool, slice

cake into three layers. Spread $\frac{1}{2}$ pint softened ice-cream between layers, using a different flavor for each stripe. Frost top and sides with the whipped cream. Store in refrigerator freezer until ready to serve.

FROZEN FUDGE PIE

You'll need: One package pastry mix, 1 package chocolate custard dessert mix, 1 small tin evaporated milk, the smallest package of almonds you can buy, or 1 square chocolate.

In advance you'll chill the evaporated milk. Toast the almonds or grate the chocolate.

Then do the following: Make pastry as directed on package, and line an 8in. or 9in. pie-plate, bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put aside to cool. Then mix chocolate dessert as directed on package (using only $\frac{1}{2}$ of the milk suggested); chill until beginning to thicken. Whip chilled milk until very thick and fluffy and fold into chocolate dessert. Spoon into pie-shell. Garnish

with toasted almonds or chocolate. Chill.

FROSTED BROWNIES

You'll need: Two cups self-raising flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 eggs, 2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, 1 quantity of frosting.

In advance you'll chop the walnuts. Grease a lamington-tin. Heat oven to moderate.

Then do the following: Sift the flour and cocoa into basin, add sugar, whole eggs, melted butter, and milk. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Fold in chopped nuts. Pour into greased tin and bake 30 to 40 minutes. Frost with the following chocolate frosting:

"I'D LOVE TO." And who wouldn't when the party is topped off with these delicious Frosted Brownies, Ice-cream Ribbon Cake, and Frozen Fudge Pie?

For Chocolate Frosting you'll need: Six ounces chocolate pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar, 1oz. butter (melted), 3 tablespoons milk.

Then you'll combine in top half of double saucepan or heat-proof basin over hot water the chocolate pieces, icing sugar, butter, and milk; mix well, and cook 5 minutes. Spread over cooked brownie mixture and, when cold, cut into bars.



Here's your answer

Ask him

"I AM a girl of 17 in my final year at secondary school. Our school dance is being held soon and I would like to ask a boy who lives quite near me. He talks to me if we meet in the street, and he also chats with my mother if he sees her. He is a very nice boy, but my friends say I shouldn't ask him to the dance because he has never asked me out. I would very much like to ask him. What do you think?"

"Jane," N.S.W.

I think you should ask him. There is nothing forward in doing so; it is necessary to have an escort for the school dance and would cost the boy nothing. But when you ask him, ask him in a way that makes it easy for him to refuse. Don't pin him down with that "What are you doing on Saturday night?" question—that's a real shot-gun invitation.

Direct approach

"I AM 16 and very fond of a girl who was born on the same day and year as I was. I have not had enough courage to ask her out yet. Recently I overheard a conversation at work. It was this girl's girl-friend talking to a work-mate. She said that the girl I'm interested in said it's too bad he's not a bit older. I have not seen her recently. Could she be dodging me? If so should I forget about her?"

"Shy Boy," Qld.

It puzzles me the way boys and girls so often seem to use a third person to let another know the way they feel about each other.

I think it's queer. It's bad enough when a girl resorts to this sort of thing, but when boys go on this way it's worse. It's putting the clock back to the days of matchmakers or go-betweens.

You can't expect to get anywhere with a girl if you don't speak for yourself. How do you know she was talking about you? And if she was, she was probably only saying it because you hadn't done anything about her. If you like this girl, make it plain, tell her so. Ask her out if you have the money, or buy her a drink at the milk bar. Or walk to the train with her after work. Make some gesture that makes it clear that you like her. Don't expect to get anywhere unless you do.

16 too young

"I AM 16 and love dancing very much. I attend local dances with my sister, but she insists that I am too young. Would you please give me your opinion as to whether you consider me too young?"

"Wondering," S.A.

I think 16 is too young to go to dances regularly, but a local dance occasionally is all right. It depends

largely on local custom, and so on, but I don't think it's a matter either for me or your sister to decide—it's up to your parents.

Beware man-eaters

"I AM 16, and recently my girl-friend gave up her boy-friend, and now she's paying a lot of attention to the boy I like. I like this boy very much, and as he is the first boy I've really been interested in I don't want to lose him. What can I do to stop her flirting with him? I'm very unhappy about it."

"Jealous Friend," Qld.

I'm sure you are. But knowing a man-eater, which is my name for girls like your friend, has its dangers. They simply can't help loving the boys, all of them, and flirting with everyone they see. Most girls have some taboos, like hands off best friend's boy-friend, or sister's fiancé, but man-eaters can't keep them. They have the best intentions while there are no boys round, but they've only got to see a boy and their intentions fly out the window.

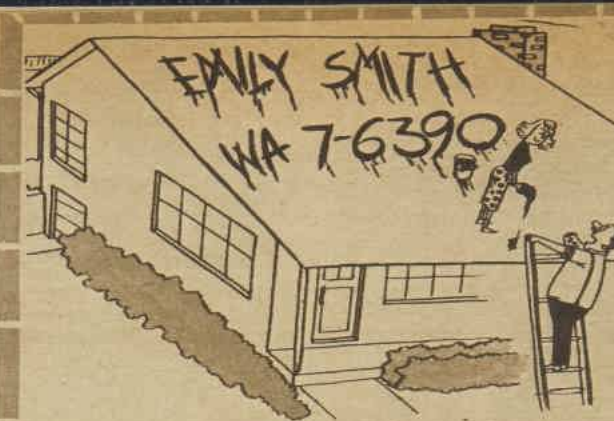
It's a ghastly situation for the girl who knows one of them. Ghastly for

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



COLOR - SCHEME a window decoration with old milk bottles, pint and half-pint size. Paint some in glowing enamels, some purple all over, gold all over, or any favorite color and make a grouping on your window-sill. Stick dead twigs, gumnuts, or strange bush curiosities in the top and label it with a name. It could be "Mars men thinking," "But curiously classless," something that means nothing or anything.

Milk bottles rampant on a window-sill or hung on strings to make a milk-bottle mobile make wonderful conversation pieces, so space-age, so abstract. Try one.



"When are you going to give up this mad crush on pilots?"

the man-eater, too, for she doesn't have any girl-friends for very long, and she gets very lonely.

There's nothing you can do to stop her flirting. Any effort you make will only worsen the situation. You'll have to sit this out—one thing is that man-eaters generally tire quickly of one particular boy and go looking for someone new.

Making trouble

"I AM nearly 17 and very much in love with a New Australian from Greece. He is nearly 20 and has been in Australia for several years and is naturalised. My girl-friend keeps telling me he is 'promised.' I have asked him about this and he said he is not. Who do you think I should believe? I don't want to give him up, as I love him so much."

"Troubled," N.S.W.

I don't know how your girl-friend can have so much inside information about your boy-friend unless he is "promised" to her. I think she is just making trouble. Believe him.

Gang manners

"I AM a girl of 13, and I associate with a gang of boys and girls of this age. Not one of us has ever done a thing to be ashamed of, but our attitude and manner seem to be giving people the wrong impression, as we are continually hearing false bad rumors about ourselves which are giving us a bad reputation. Could you please advise us as to what we should do about this situation? Should we try to improve our manners? Should we deny these accusations? Or should we just ignore them?"

"Worried Gang," Qld.

You have your answer. You should all try to improve your manners.

I am sure your statement that none of you has done anything to be ashamed of is true, and I am equally sure that any bad reputation you may have comes from your public or gang manners.

Numbers embolden the most timid person when he's one of a crowd.

Supported by their friends, they act in a way they would never dream of if they were alone. Often the noisy shouting ways of a group of teenagers as they push their way along or even just drink a milk shake make older people very angry, irritated, and inclined to condemn every single teenager as a badly brought-up, nasty human being who is different from what they were in their day.

Actually bad public behaviour acts against yourself and all people the same age.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Parents have only to see one group behaving badly and permission to go out is sometimes refused. They get a mental picture of the bad behaviour they've seen when their own child asks to go out with a boy or with the gang.

Good manners are essential if you want to be liked—they are a passport to popularity with parents, friends, older and younger people. They are the first thing you must cultivate if you want to have the kind of social life, with lots of friends and fun, that all teenagers wish for.

And don't think good manners are prissy, sissy things. They are simply rules devised to make life more pleasant and easier for everyone. If you have good manners there is no social occasion that can floor you.

Your reputation apparently matches the public manners of you and your gang. Nothing will repair it but good manners that prove you can act in a way that earns praise and not disrepute.

Don't expect to have everything fine and dandy in a week. You'll have to work for a long, long time to overcome the bad impression you have made.

Give mother time

"I AM a rather attractive girl of 14. Over the past two years my mother has let me go to school dances with my girl-friends. I know I am too young to go to dances with boys. But do you think it is all right to go to a dancing class once or twice a month? I have asked my mother several times and she just says, 'No.' I am sure she thinks I am too young to go, but I love dancing and would like very much to learn more steps. Please tell me if you think it is all right for me to go sometimes."

V.J., N.S.W.

No, it would not be all right for you to go, your mother has said so. I am sure, though, she will let you go to dancing classes some day before very long, because every girl and boy should be able to dance correctly. It is a necessary social accomplishment.

Your mother probably thinks you are trying to persuade her through the dancing classes to go dancing once a week. I'd leave it if I were you, but ask her may you take lessons later on about six months before she allows you to go to dances, so that she can be proud of you and you can dance well when you do.

Young ambassadors to U.S....

Six Australian teenagers last month were awarded American Field Organisation Scholarships. They will spend a year in America, each living with a family and attending high school. The lucky six—Carole Hertzberg, John Pulley, and David Russell, of New South Wales, and Penny McDonald, Barbara Hunter, and Wayne Clarke, of Victoria—will leave on August 21.

● In her brown Sydney Girls' High School uniform, Carole Hertzberg looks too young to be an ambassador. But that's what she'll be when she goes to America.

CAROLE will take up her scholarship in Nottingham in the State of New York.

As well as sitting for her High School Diploma at the end of a year, Carole has to be a



CAROLE HERTZBERG is a prefect at her high school.

junior public relations officer for Australia.

"The 'International Relations Club'—that's one of the clubs at the Nottingham School—has already asked me to give a speech on Australia as soon as I get there," Carole said.

"Apparently there are all sorts of things they want to know about us."

And Carole is agog to know all sorts of things about them.

So far she knows that she is to be "adopted" by a family in Nottingham, which includes a girl of her own age, 16, who will be in the same class. They have already exchanged photographs.

"I won't be packing this," Carole said, glancing down at her school uniform. "American girls all wear jumpers and skirts."

"There are 1200 students at Nottingham High School, which is co-educational."

"I gather there are all sorts of extra-curricular activities within the course, too, and I suppose the academic work will be different."

Carole is a vivacious little girl and doesn't seem to be daunted by the prospect of all the changes and hard work

which the scholarship brings along with its more glamorous side. She is even taking all her books to swot for her Leaving Certificate, which she hopes to sit for while she is away.

She says that she's not a "frightful brain." She is interested in languages—her best subjects are French, Latin, and English—and that she usually comes somewhere within the first four places in the class.

Carole described her interview with the selection committee as "terrifying."

"It was awful to know that so much depended on it," she said. "There were about eight people all firing questions about my background and interests."

Before the interview, Carole had to write an essay on "Why I Want to Go to America."

Her reasons were so many, she has forgotten most of them.

"I think the main thing I said was that teenagers all over the world have such a lot in common that it is good for them to mix and discuss ideas."

"And that Australia and America especially have a lot in common," Carole said.

That wasn't a bad beginning for such a young ambassador.



WAYNE CLARKE, who will live with a family in Michigan.

● When 17-year-old Melbourne boy Wayne Clarke heard he would be going to an American high school for a year, he went shopping for an Ivy League outfit.

WAYNE said, "According to Bill Pinkerton, the son of the family I'm going to stay with in Michigan, Ivy League is all the rage over there just now, so I hope the fashion lasts till I get there."

Bill Pinkerton also told Wayne he'll have to be ready to join in the after-school rush for the parking lot.

"Apparently most of the senior students have their own cars over there," Wayne said. "Bill's '49 Ford should always be easy to find, anyway. It's painted five colors."

Although he leads a full life at the moment, Wayne thinks it will be far more hectic when he is in America.

But he is relieved to hear from Bill that students do make a point of giving three hours each week night to homework, because he finds he needs to do that here to keep abreast of his work at Oakleigh High School.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Clarke, of Mt. Waverley, Victoria, Wayne will finish his Australian matriculation when he returns home next year, and then he'll begin studying Medicine at Melbourne University.

Wayne is already making a name for himself in Victorian amateur athletics. He is a shot-putter, discus and javelin thrower, and sprinter.

He is also a Sunday School teacher at the local church, but his friends say he is no sober-sides.

In spite of all his activities, Wayne pulls his weight with chores at home, and is prepared to do the same in the American home of the Pinkertons, who have two daughters, Laurie (18) and Martha (14), as well as 17-year-old son Bill.

Wayne's mother, Mrs. Clarke, said, "He might find his other mother expects more than I do."

"Mrs. Pinkerton has written that she hopes I'm good at heaving things around, because she is saving up the big annual basement clean-up for my arrival!" Wayne said.

"And Bill has said I'd better be good at raking up leaves because it will be autumn when I get there."

The Clarkes would like to be among the first Australian foster-parents selected for the scheme when it gets on to an exchange basis and American Field Service scholars come to Australia during their long summer vacation.

...and one to Australia

● It's not true that all American teenagers wear jeans and sweaters to school, according to American schoolgirl Sandra Siegworth, who is spending her summer vacation in Sydney's winter.

ALL private girls' schools have uniforms, and at the public schools the girls wear blouses and skirts," Sandra said.

"At my school, Our Lady of Good Counsel Academy All-Girls High School, at Mankato, in Minnesota, we boarders wear a navy tunic over a long-sleeved white blouse, just as many of you do here."

"But we don't wear hats or stockings, and our day hops (day girls) don't take cases but carry their books under one arm."

Sandra has come to Sydney to spend her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Siegworth, at their home in the Sydney suburb of Lindfield. The Siegworths lived in Mankato before they came to Australia six years ago.

Sandra would probably find Australian schools very tame after the school life she is used to.

"It isn't a case of everybody driving to school," she said, "but all the day hops who can afford to run a car have one."

"Hot rods are the favorites, and big flashy cars are considered definitely unfashionable."



AMERICAN schoolgirl, 16-year-old Sandra Siegworth.

"Sport isn't compulsory for the Seniors. We are free to play if we want to."

"For matches with other schools our day hops wear black or red leotards with Bermudas, boys' shirts, gob caps, and — on top of everything else — their school jackets. And, of course, we have cheer leaders."

"Each class holds a try-out and the girls, in groups of six, demonstrate their cheers. Then there's a 'pep fest' rally to choose the best cheer team and the winner gets a cup."

But life at Mankato isn't all cheering. Sandra has exams every nine weeks.

"Our exams aren't as hard as those we had when I was at school in Sydney," she said.

"We just have to fill in blank spaces left on a typed exam paper."

'Twixt Twelve and Twenty

Part 4: TEENAGE MARRIAGE

PAT BOONE, in this part of his best-seller, "Twixt Twelve and Twenty," tells of his elopement when he and his wife, Shirley, were only 19 years old.

SHIRLEY and I eloped in the beginning of my second year in college. We were both nineteen. While I wouldn't change a minute of it, I don't recommend either elopement or teenage marriage and I'll tell you why.

But first let me tell you why we decided to elope.

Remember, we discussed how parents could think that going steady could get too serious? Well, my parents became converted to that view. They loved Shirley, but they were afraid we'd get married too soon and I'd give up the education for which I'd planned and saved so long. They asked us to slow down, to stop seeing each other, and we sincerely tried.

But it didn't have the desired effect. Dating someone else, we both found, was a "pretend," a deceit to ourselves and them.

Here was a crisis in principles. Was it worse to do what we wished openly and

frankly? Or be sly and deceitful?

Then came the second blow. Shirley's father was planning to pull up stakes and move to Springfield, Missouri. That meant complete separation. We faced another crisis. We had to find an answer.

Could I be married and finish college? Could I work, support Shirley, and still attend school? It seemed to me absolutely necessary, a point of honor, that if we made an independent decision to marry without family approval, we must be able to prove ourselves independent of family help.

My check sheet, my past experience in "work" and "finances," led me to feel confident that, if it meant that much to me, I could do it. And what really meant the most to us? What were our lifetime aims? A family. A happy home. An education. No separation. No sneaking.

We hadn't rushed. We had given April and May their

due. Now should we say goodbye to them?

We were married in Springfield, Tennessee, on a beautiful Saturday afternoon in the autumn of 1953.

Now, here's why I don't recommend elopements.

Mama told me, long before I knew Shirley: "I may oppose you when you want to get married. I might oppose you right up to the last minute. But when you do, that's that. We won't mention it again and I'll welcome your wife as my daughter."

I think most parents feel the same way. I told you I'd share my mistakes with you and here's one I made. To avoid being sneaky I did a big sneak. And while my parents, who really love Shirley and really welcomed her as my wife, were swell about it, they couldn't conceal their shock and disappointment and hurt. I wish now I'd had the courage of my convictions; come home and said quite openly what we planned to do. But I didn't. And Mama didn't even offer to spank me. It hurt that much.

Now here's why I wouldn't recommend teenage marriage unless your maturity check sheet is literally covered with gold stars (which mine was not). The chief wrangle in a young marriage, particularly if you want a family and you haven't finished school, is a time-money problem. It is hard on the bridegroom's nerves and physical stamina and hard on the bride's tear ducts. For quite a while Jam Today seems a myth because you can never seem to catch up with today.

Almost strangers

As newlyweds we took a small apartment near the college, furnished haphazardly out of family attics, and I got a job at a radio station. With me at the panel nights and holidays cutting us into the national network, putting on transcriptions and tapes, doing commercials, studying in between, it was amateur night every night on Station WSIX. I was there Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, and, what with classes in between, Shirley and I saw each other for lunch once in a while, late at night and very early in the morning.

It was a good thing my wife was the kind of girl she

was or we might have bogged down. A lot of young marriages fall apart because of this very thing. And more often, the joy and fun of adjusting to the husband-and-wife situation is over too soon because of the strain and responsibility of making a living under the tremendous handicaps of youth, inexperience, and divided interests.

So much for teenage marriage. Now what about other problems?

Be a friend

You'd be surprised how many letters I get from teenagers wanting to know—How can I be more popular? How can I make the girls like me? Or the boys?

The old saying is that all the world loves a lover—but I believe that all the world wants and needs friendship.

So my advice would be to learn the art of friendship first. Then, if general popularity follows, well and good. If it doesn't, you'll never miss it, because you'll be busy with your friends.

Just what does it take to be a friend? Do we have it? Let's try an inventory, the good along with the bad, and find out. I'll take mine and you can try it on for size yourself.

What kind of a friend am I?

Am I sincere? That I am. When I like a guy or a gal I really like 'em. I'm not collecting smiles to make me feel good or win a popularity poll. I like people. I really do. And that's a big help in starting a friendship.

Am I honest? I try to be, but I'm not always as tactful as I should be. I've always felt that a valuable friend will cut you off at the knee, if you start goofing. But to keep us from being "reformers" or old maids or picking on each other, I guess we should balance that with honest cheers when a friend does something nice or right.

Am I loyal? Definitely, almost to a fault, and that is possible. As teenagers we develop such feverish loyalties to one another that adults have a hard time understanding it.

Am I trustworthy? One of the things you like most in a teenage friend is to know you can trust him with your confidences. I've made special efforts along these lines, and I'll admit it isn't always easy, or that I always succeeded. Friends fall out and we have to resist talking about them or

betraying them even when our feelings are hurt or we're sore.

Am I good company? This is largely a matter of disposition, cheerfulness, kindness, that old ability to put others at their ease and make them feel good. But, believe me, it's also a question of common courtesy and good manners.

Am I consistently thoughtful and dependable? Since we're being honest with each other, my personal answer, in a word, is "no!" Take out the word "consistently" or add "in big things" and I might get by. But I very often mean to do things, even promise to do them, and then get sidetracked.

So much for friendship and popularity.

Now here's a word about parents.

The trouble with even the most normal parents from the average teenage point of view is that they worry too much.

From our viewpoint we figure if we're old enough to be given the responsibility for baby-sitting, cleaning house, doing the family shopping, driving cars, solving complicated problems in physics or algebra (and getting an A sometimes), why aren't we old enough to decide for ourselves things like what hour we will come home? If we're late it throws them into a tizzy of concern which we can't understand. We know where we were and that we were all right. We can take care of ourselves. Nothing is going to happen to us. Why all the worry? Even with kind, sensible, normal parents, and this is the kind I had, we sense some kind of injustice here.

Parents worry

I remember once getting home at 1.30. Mom was away. I found Dad waiting up for me just as anxiously. I didn't think he'd bother.

Dad didn't say much. He wasn't one for fireworks.

But as he started off to bed he turned and said the few words that suddenly threw light for me on the whole situation. "You see, Pat," he said simply, "we care."

There was the answer to that question, "Why all the worrying?" It was "We care!" I know you've heard this same thing over and over, just like I had, but it takes hearing a thing lots of times for it, all of a sudden, to soak in!

Most of the rules parents



ANOTHER BOONE? Here is Pat (left) shaking hands with Joseph McGrath, 16, in London recently. Joe, a member of a New York boys' club, had won a singing tour of England, where he packed London's Royal Festival Hall for a three-hour concert. A fine teenage ambassador, Joe endeared himself to teens and adults with his singing and his special talent for saying just the right thing everywhere. He's on his school's student council and plays in the school basketball team.

Pat Boone tells how to get along with parents

make, whether we think them right or wrong, don't stem from meanness, or narrow-mindedness, or wanting to spoil our fun. They are made because our parents care what happens to us. Once I understood that I hated to see teenagers hold it against Mom and Dad for worrying about them doing something dangerous or something they think unwise.

Here are a few concrete suggestions I'd offer for getting along with normal parents.

One: Try a little empathy: Now, there's a great word. It isn't sympathy misspelled. Empathy means imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another's. Simplified it means putting yourself in the other guy's shoes and trying to see and feel as he does in order to understand him better.

With parents this means trying to talk things over with them a little more reasonably.

Two: Give your parents credit for having once been young: For the record, they had to be teenagers at some time. If you think they've for-

gotten it, try to recall it by asking questions about their youth. Discuss what they thought, did, what problems they faced, how their parents handled them. It may give you a clue on why you are being handled as you are, and to what they are thinking and feeling regarding your teen age. So listen to what they say.

Usually some place in this region of the past is the explanation as to why they want you to be "popular," or play the piano, or football, or learn fancy embroidery.

Once you have got your clue you can then explain that you are a different teenager, differently equipped, and with different aims.

Disillusioned

Three: Try to imagine life with a different set of parents: I actually knew a pair of girls once who exchanged parents for a brief period. Each had been singing the virtues of the other's parents at home — "Ronnie's mother lets her..." and "Sarah's mother never..." — until the mothers met

and compared notes. These very intelligent women decided to let the girls have a taste of what the other's home life was like. You can imagine what happened. Two disillusioned girls came home dragging their tails behind them after finding that every home has restrictions and no parents are perfect by any teenage yardstick.

Too lenient

We've been talking about average, normal parents and average, normal teenagers. Now, let's admit that, just as teenagers can go to extremes, so can parents. The most common extremes are: Too Strict, and Too Lenient.

Granted we rarely hear complaints about the Too Lenient parents until their children have grown up and are muddled and confused by a big, big world in which they do not seem to know the rules for happy living.

This type of parent does not find the arrival of the teens hard on them at all. I've known some of their offspring, and when they hit thirteen or fourteen their parents are delighted to believe that now their children can really look after themselves. If you drew these happy-go-lucky parents, don't put yourself on the back too fast. It simply means you'll probably have to work double time. I've watched these kids without rules, guidance, anchors, or, for that matter, anyone cheering in their corner, either. They've had to take full responsibility for self-discipline at a very early age. It's rough. But it has to be done or they'll be losers from now on.

Too strict

Too strict parents either literally don't remember their own youth at all or seem to remember it too well with distaste and fear. If your parents are genuinely too strict (and in your heart of hearts you will probably know the truth about this) you'll have to redouble your efforts at empathy to try to understand why. Meanwhile, no strict parent was ever won over to seeing your side of things by defiance, disobedience, or a comparative description of what "all the other parents" do.

Try to relax and go along with the situation for now, knowing that, unlike your opposite number with the easy-going parents, the only way you can get really off the beam is by letting resentment fester in you, or by straining at the leash until you strangle. Oh, sure, you may lose out on some fun, but you'll gain in the long run. Parents can learn, too!

From "Twix Twelve and Twenty," by Pat Boone, published by The World's Work.

A GUY finds out What makes a girl click

● What makes a girl click with her date? To find out, let's look at some of the things that make certain she DOESN'T click...

THE acceptance of a date is the first step — and the first thing that can go wrong.

Asking a girl for a date is a high compliment. A "Why not?" or a flat "Okay" is a pretty insulting reaction. It also suggests to the boy that the girl is not over-keen on the idea. He's nagged by the doubt that the girl doesn't see a particularly enjoyable time ahead.

Start a date like that and it will go at the pace of a 78 record played at 33 1-3rd!

Getting together to start the date is the crucial step. Some girls think it "fashionable" to turn up late for a date. Keeping the pale male waiting for his wedding may be a charming tradition—but on a casual date it's simply a darned annoying act of discourtesy.

Some girls make the planning of the date an embarrassment for their escorts, too.

This is the sort of thing I mean: Say it's not a fixed date — to go to a certain show, a special party, or other "do." Boy meets girl and says, "Where would you like to go?"

It's a genuine offer. He IS paying her the honor of letting her choose something she'll enjoy most. But he is figuratively slapped in the face if she gives him the old "Oh, I don't care — wherever YOU want to go" routine.

A similar problem arises when a couple dine out. Unless the boy is familiar with the girl's tastes she puts him on the spot if she expects him to order for her. He's in the soup if schnitzel is not her dish or a demitasse is not her cup of tea.

Another way for a girl not to rate a second date — and to muck up the first — is for her to dress sloppily. Not only does an escort want to be proud of his girl — he wants other people who see them to give his choice a mental nod of approval.

There's another facet of appearance that puts a damper on a date. This is the tendency of many girls to put on an act when they're out. These lasses feel obliged to be Marilyn Monroes or Kim Novaks.

This might win a girl an Oscar some day, but in the meantime it doesn't win her a Robin — or a Tom, Dick, or Harry.

If a girl is HERSELF she'll not only be as pretty as a film star, she'll also be HAPPY.

Someone once wrote that "youth, as distinguished from childhood or middle-age, is that brief period when the sexes talk to each other." A sweeping statement, yet one that contains an element of truth—and points up yet another dating problem—date conversation.

A girl who chatters like a breakfast announcer meets the same end — she's tuned off by 9 o'clock!

Just as bad is the too-good listener. She just sits and listens. The only thing she ever says is "Pass the salt." She leaves her escort wondering if she's dumb — in other ways.

Money can be the root of a dating "evil," too. "Going Dutch" is truly foreign to most boys (unless they're engaged and are saving for the future). But a fellow likes to know that his date is AWARE of the financial problem the date sets.

The girl who offers (it doesn't matter that he rejects the offer) to share the fare of the unplanned taxi that a sudden downpour forces her date to hail will win his admiration — and other dates.

Remember, the cooling soon stops if the billing (of the bloke) gets out of hand!

Odious comparisons by a girl are other male pet date-hates. All night the girl keeps up a barrage of such remarks as "This is not as nice as C—'s" or "Frankie Bloggs always used to buy me caviare."

It's not long before her date is quite prepared to send her back to Frankie Bloggs and his caviare at C—s on a flaming sword!

— Robin Adair

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

● Act your age—that's sound advice for everybody, especially teenagers.

YOU'LL be in your twenties soon enough, so don't act as if you're rapidly approaching 30.

Don't put on a bored, seen-it-all-before act. This isn't worldly and sophisticated, but silly.

Enjoy going to dances in the local hall—don't pine for candlelit nightclubs. They'll come eventually, and when they do you'll probably realise that you had far more fun at the teenage hops.

Most girls are inclined to think it's far more attractive to look OLD rather than YOUNG. They're wrong.

Save those slinky, siren-type dresses until you really are a femme fatale.

If you're straight out of school, you'll be much more attractive in a soft, floaty dress—smelling of flowers rather than doused in a sultry scent.

Don't spend hours drawing on a mask of make-up—be proud of your young skin and keep it soft and glowing with just a dusting of powder and lipstick. Keep that eye-goo for later, much later.

So take heed—act your age and enjoy it while you can.



"And it's guaranteed to add ten years to your age!"

Love Story

I was going to a dance with my sister Mary and her fiance Tom. They were such lovebirds, it gave me the creeps...



Other girls' jobs

BUDDING GARDENER

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Every morning Sandra Bunning feeds 10,000 pot-plants, six fantail pigeons, and 14 goldfish.

THEN she's likely to rush round catching insects with a butterfly net, or take a tea-tree for a walk in a wheelbarrow.

Child's play?

No. It's in her day's work as a nursery hand in the Baulkham Hills Garden Centre, just out of Sydney—all part of becoming a qualified horticulturist and eventually a professional landscape architect.

Considering that this career entails five years of night school at technical college, as well as her day job, it seems a pretty stiff row for 18-year-old Sandra to hoe.

But at the end of it, with her Horticulture and Landscape certificates up her sleeve, she'll be able to design gardens and name her own price.

With her weekly income of £9/10/- and two years' night school behind her, Sandra seemed as relaxed about life as the fuchsias around us when I met her at the Garden Centre.

We sat in a grotto-like indoor garden with the doves cooing, windbells tinkling, and the waterfall in the corner falling.

Sandra said, "I was hopeless at school. Hopeless. The vocational guidance officer said I'd be hopeless doing anything I'm not interested in. I got my

Intermediate Certificate, but only because I knew I'd need it to go to Tech."

"So you knew all along what you wanted to do for a career?" I asked her.

"Not really," she said. "I always knew I wanted a job out of doors. And I've always had to do the gardening at home."

"We've only got a pocket-handkerchief-sized garden at Mosman, but Mum and Dad weren't interested, so I've always done the gardening."

"It was mostly mowing lawns, though," she added.

The garden at home is still mostly lawn. Sandra just doesn't have the time to do much with it now.

She leaves home in her tiny car at 7.30 in the morning—her father helped her pay the deposit after he found it took her two and a half hours to get to work by public transport.

Two nights a week she gets home about 5.30. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays she has her night-school lectures at Ryde, so it's about 8 or 9.30 by the time she gets home for dinner.

Weekends she usually works, because the Garden Centre is on a busy road and hundreds of passing motorists pop in to look and buy.



NURSERY-HAND Sandra Bunning provides wheelbarrow transport for this young shrub before potting it for sale. Potting, labelling, and selling plants are her main jobs.

Sandra likes selling the plants and answering garden problems. It's good practice and revision for the theory she learns at school. And, besides, she likes people just as much as plants.

"You know, some people come in and say, 'I went away for a holiday and saw a nice plant with a big green leaf. What would it be?' That's a fact," Sandra said.

But more often than not Sandra is able to give an answer—probably in Latin, as she did to one astounded woman while I was there—because labelling all the pot-plants in the centre is one of her big tasks.

But what about all that Latin? Did she learn it at school?

"Only for a year or two," she replied with a grin. "I always failed because I wasn't interested."

For Sandra the theoretical part of gardening is associated with the excitement of growing things.

Learning entomology may sometimes be dull, but there's the fun of catching insects with her butterfly net. For the business of learning the theories of propagation, there's compensation in going on garden-seeing tours or growing her own *Diosma* shrub in the Technical College grounds.

This job is much more down to earth than her last.

HOW DOES her garden grow? Early morning watering for 10,000 pot-plants takes Sandra one and a half hours.

When Sandra first left school she went to business college and learnt shorthand and typing, as well as doing her horticulture classes at night.

She tried to combine the two subjects by getting a job in the city office of a big nursery.

"Guess what I was?" she asked. "A telephonist. It was all right for a while. But people would ring and say things like, 'My phlox have a funny disease—' and just when I was getting interested I'd have to hand the problem over to someone else and answer another call."

Sandra started her present job three months ago. Since then she has been flat out selling and labelling the plants.

Soon she'll be doing the more scientific side of gardening out of doors.

Most people would think tending some 10,000 pot-plants at work would be enough. Sandra has been told by her boss that she can grow her own plants during the lunch hour.

Though most of her work now centres on plants, Sandra's true interest is in landscape designing, and she'll start a two-year landscaping course at night school next year.

How does she keep her "green fingers" white? Gloves?

"Hate wearing them. I just use lemons," she said.

And spare time—if any?

"At weekends I clean my car and go out to the pictures or a dance."

"I haven't got any special boy-friend, but I find most of them are prepared to put up with my talking about gardens."

Icebreaker winners announced next week

● Party Icebreaker Contest entrants, please note: Next week we're announcing the winners of our fabulous prizes worth more than £600.

The last of the £5 progress prizes goes to Valerie Moss, 18, Deas Street, Benalla, Victoria.

Valerie's icebreaker is called "Going home in the fog."

"Clear the room before the game is begun," she says.

"The hostess represents 'home,' and she stands at one end of the room."

"The rest of the players go to the opposite end of the room and are blindfolded."

"When the hostess shouts, 'Come home,' everyone makes the noise of a motor horn and tries to get home without touching anybody."

"When two players collide, they count one collision each in their score."

"The person to get home with the least number of collisions is the winner, and could be given a small prize."



5-IN-1 PIN-UP :

Standing (from left): Col Joye, Johnny Rebb, Dig Richards. Kneeling: Johnny Devlin and Johnny O'Keefe.

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 29, 1959

sses

s...pleats. They're
Paris. In one of
r dresses, made in
is page it's pink),
t, at Dior, pleats a
And skirts—with
ray, box, and un-
—have an easy
re emphasised by
nd everywhere
de belt.

DESSES. At left
is a sheer dress
with a softly tied
collar, and at
right, from
Griffe, a sheer
dress again,
with a sash belt.

LANVIN CASTILLO. This dress
features a casually tied neckline,
bracelet-length sleeves, and a blou-
son top nipped in with a cinch
belt to balloon out into the skirt.



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24 carat gold-embossed compacts . . .

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. . . moonlit 'AMETHYST'

Max Factor has now created an incredibly lovely new misty mauve Creme Puff shade that touches your complexion with the magic of moonlight . . . gives it a translucent, almost velvety finish.



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tortoise-shell, each embossed
in rich, rich gold.
Compact 14/11. Refill 9/11.

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*CREME PUFF (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.



MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF BEAUTY THROUGH MAKE-UP

Page 34

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July '29, 1959

LOOK  WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ...

Ball Gowns

POWDER-PUFF skirt of ruffled satin organdie juts out below a simple strapless bodice. The dress, by Michael Goma, has a mantilla-style scarf.



● *Femininity here displays itself in fabric and color. So choose a light and airy fabric—or color as gay as a jewel.*

FLOWERED ORGANZA makes Pierre Cardin's dreamy evening dress. The graceful skirt is caught with a rose at the hemline; the strapless top is widely banded.



CHIFFON dress, by Serge Matla, has a long, looped scarf floating over a svelte silhouette. Violets are a color accent.





BEWARE of plain gauze dressings that merely cover wounds

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to clean, heal and seal out dirt and germs

- 1 Gauze pad treated with miracle antiseptic "Domiphen Bromide" heals fast and safely, defeats infection.
- 2 Medicated adhesive area surrounding the gauze pad contains Zinc Oxide to soothe and heal, and seals out dirt and germs from wound.
- 3 Porous elastic fabric stretches with skin, allows air-movement to keep skin healthily dry . . . only Elastoplast stretches to a third of its length.
- 4 Strip-back plastic protectors keep each dressing surgically clean. Discard before using the clinically fresh dressing.

Look for the new red pack with 12 regular strips for only 1'6

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from morning till night*



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Skin Perfumes 9/11. Handbag Perfume Phials 3/11.



Potter
& Moore
freshness . . . *always*

vent to the kitchen for black coffee.

When he opened the door all ten girls rushed to him.

"Happy birthday!"

"Henry, many happy!"

"He's twenty-five today, twenty-five today."

"Gee, thanks," Henry said.

"Can I kiss you for your birthday, Henry?" asked Shirley.

"Don't ask him," said Moira.

"Just grab him like this . . . and kiss him like this . . . !"

They all gathered around him, laughing and giggling and planting big red birthday kisses all over his unshaven cheek.

Then he saw Sally Ann standing in the doorway across the room and his heart missed a beat.

When he saw who stood beside her it almost stopped altogether.

"Christine!" he choked.

Like a man walking to the gallows he moved across the room.

"Hello, Christine," he said.

"Real . . . nice to see you."

He went forward as though to kiss her, but the expression on her face did not invite kisses.

She was looking at him as though he had just hit her with a thirty-pound hammer.

"Could we go to your room, please, Henry?"

Inside his room Henry closed the door behind them and asked Christine to sit down.

She did not answer and remained standing. Henry's legs were unable to support him, so he sat down on the bed.

He waited for Christine to speak. She remained motionless, except to pick up a recording, read the title, which was "I Want to Cha-cha to China," and put it down again.

Her face was drawn and hard and her eyes pierced Henry like a two-headed axe would pierce a cream puff.

"All right!" Henry burst out finally. "Go on, say it! I lied to you. I told you I was living in a house full of old people in wheel-chairs. I told you it was a quiet place. I didn't tell you it was full of girls, did I?"

"As long as I live," Christine began in a voice which sounded like falling gravel, "I shall never forget that moment when I saw you there in your

Continuing . . . MY FAIR LANDLADY

from page 37

pyjamas being kissed by all those hussies!"

"They're not hussies!" Henry cried.

"I don't wish to discuss them, Henry. Just answer my questions. Are you the only man living here?"

"Yes."

"And is it usual for you to walk around in your pyjamas?"

"Before I'm dressed — yes!"

"And do you . . . make a habit of kissing these girls?"

"Christine," Henry rose to his feet, paced, and gestured nervously. "I was not kissing them. They were kissing me. And do you know why? Because it was my birthday!"

"That was why I came to see you," Christine said. "And to be so humiliated . . . !"

"Humiliated? Look, ask these girls, Christine! Ask them if they have ever known me to take one of them out, even ask one of them out!"

"I don't wish to ask them anything, Henry. I was humiliated and I shall never forget it. And you did lie to me about this place, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"Henry," she went on after a short pause, "I am going to forgive you. Yes, I am! We won't talk about it any more. It's difficult, but I'm going to try and forgive you. I expect you never to tell your mother or any of our friends how you've been living —"

"How I've been living!" Henry yelped. "You make me sound like an Arab shiek."

"While you're packing let's talk about your job. I want to hear everything about it."

Packing. The word sent a chill through Henry's whole body. Leave this house? Leave all the girls, and all the fun, and all the parties, and Sally Ann? Never see Sally Ann again?

"Look, about my job," Henry said. "While I've been in Melbourne I've been thinking more about becoming an architect."

"I thought all that was settled!" she snapped.

"Well, I made some inquiries, Christine, and it would be possible — now, this is just an ideal — it would be possible for me to go to the University —"

"Henry!" Christine rose and picked up her handbag. "I don't know what's come over you while you've been down here! And I'm not staying in this house a moment longer. I'm going back to my hotel to wait for you. You can join me there. Stay in a hotel until you can find a room in a respectable boarding house!"

He saw her to the door and returned to his room. He sat on his bed and thought.

Two hours later there was a knock upon his door.

"It's me," Sally Ann said. "Do you mind if I come in?"

"No."

She came in quietly and closed the door behind her.

"The girls asked me to tell you how sorry they all are."

"They did nothing wrong, Sally. It was just unfortunate, that's all."

"Is she very mad at you?"

"Yes," Henry walked to the window and looked out. "I'm going to miss this room."

"Oh, Henry!" She came to his side and turned him around. "Do you have to go?"

"As soon as I pack." He did not look at her. "Christine's waiting for me at her hotel."

"Oh," she nodded and walked slowly towards the door.

"Sally Ann," Henry said. She turned.

"I'm going to miss all the girls . . . and . . . everything."

"I hope you'll be happy, Henry."

"Thanks."

"Well, I suppose that's about all . . ." she said.

"Yes, I suppose . . ." he said brokenly.

"Henry!" Her eyes met his squarely. "I've got to say it! Be sure, whatever you do, be sure it's what you really want! I mean, the architecture, and . . . and everything."

"I know," said Henry.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," she said at the doorway. "Happy birthday."

Henry packed very slowly. Each time he packed a suitcase he sat on the bed and put his head in his hands.

He thought of the girls, the room, the parties, the many warm, happy times, Sally Ann. Sally Ann! Then he thought of Christine and got on with his packing.

When he had only one suitcase to pack there was a loud knock on his door. He opened it.

Three of the girls came into his room, followed by their three boy-friends.

"Happy birthday, Henry!"

"Clear the decks, man! We're having a ball!"

"Hey!" Henry said weakly, holding the door ajar. "I'm packing, fellows —"

"For you." The girls handed him a large parcel tied with ribbon.

"Oh, gee!" Henry gasped.

"Excuse me!" Four more people came through the door, one carrying twenty feet of Labana sausage.

"Hey!" Henry said. "Are you planning —?"

"Happy birthday, Henry!"

"Now, let's —"

"Excuse me." Six more people. Two carrying drinks.

"Excuse me." Ten more. Five carrying records.

"Excuse me . . ."

At last Sally Ann. She carried a huge birthday cake with twenty-five candles on it.

"You really scared us," she said. "We hadn't planned to start until eight."

Henry looked down at her. Then at the cake. Then he kissed her. Very hard. And he knew that he did not have to move an inch to find everything he wanted.

"Can I change my mind and stay?" he asked.

"You certainly can!" Sally Ann said.

And he kissed her again.

"Wow!" said Jo-Jo. "I think we better light Henry instead of the candles!"

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"WINSOME".—Shirtmaker dress is designed with a pleated bodice and button-through front. The material is no-iron cotton in a houndstooth check, and color choice includes navy and white, red and white, Swiss-blue and white, green and white, pink and white.

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... full bodied with a
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**ORLANDO GREEN LABEL
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... a golden amber
medium sweet wine
of true sherry style.

WORTH REPORTING

JUST back home after 18 months' study at the Vienna Academy of Music, young Sydney pianist Margaret May called in to see us the other day.

"Vienna," she said nostalgically, "is fantastic. The atmosphere is full of music . . ."

Margaret told us about her life there: she lived in a comfortable room complete with grand piano — and an understanding landlady who was only too happy for her to practise five or six hours a day, six days a week.

Her music lessons at the Academy were anything but private affairs.

"Any student can wander into the room to listen while a lesson is in progress," Margaret said. "I always had a few listeners to me — and

you soon lose your shyness that way."

At regular intervals the Academy gives a concert. And these concerts have rather unnerving "dress rehearsals" for the students.

They are invited to play in private homes in Vienna. After their performance, the host and guests give candid criticism of the student's work.

Margaret's most exciting salon evening was at the Hoffburg palace.

"I was thrilled when told I was in the same room in which Robert and Clara Schumann had played," she told us.

★ ★ ★
IT'S nice to be rich.

Take New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, for example.

He didn't like the landscape round his official residence. So recently workmen began bulldozing a hill down behind the mansion.

Said Mr. R., "I'm paying for the work myself."

★ ★ ★

Fiery thoughts of long ago

WHEN you're 100 years old you have a lot of memories — and what is history for other people is for you often a personal experience.

So we listened, fascinated, to some reminiscences from



MRS. T. MATHESON . . . bushrangers came to the dance.

Mrs. Thomas Matheson, of Sydney, who celebrated her 100th birthday this month.

Mrs. Matheson spent her childhood in the country at Crookwell, N.S.W. And she remembers the time that bushrangers burnt down a dance hall at Bigga, a few miles away.

"Bushrangers Ben Hall, Johnny Gilbert, and a few others felt like dancing and dropped in on the local hop," Mrs. Matheson told us.

"All went well until the outlaws caught one of the 'regulars' sneaking away to call the police. They retaliated by herding everybody into a nearby barn and setting the hall on fire."

Incidentally, Mrs. Matheson has no recipe to give for a long life. She hasn't followed any special diet. "But I have never had a cigarette or a drink," she said.

SEVERAL little girls were guests at a wedding we attended recently.

"Yes," they'd been told by their grandfather, "you can dance at the reception. But wait till you're asked."

So they sat in a patient line waiting for partners — till one six-year-old decided to show some initiative.

She went over to one of the young men and said politely, "Are you vacant?"

★ ★ ★

We huffed and we puffed . . .

IT was a DIFFERENT sort of party. We walked in the door — and were promptly handed a crumpled bit of rubber.

"Blow," commanded our host.

So we obediently huffed and puffed and hey presto! — there we were holding a great big cuddly panda.

"Oooh, look," we said, proudly patting our panda. But all the other red-faced guests were too busy huffing and puffing themselves, and pandas and penguins and fish and ducks were appearing all over the room.

We were all having a wonderful time playing with the new season's inflatable toys . . . the party was given by a leading Australian toy manufacturer who wanted his guests to be puff-ectly happy . . .

He was wholly successful

IF you like whodunits, then you are probably an avid reader of Mr. Nicholas Blake's work. You might never have had that pleasure but for a hole in the roof.

Nicholas Blake is the nom-de-plume which distinguished English poet C. Day Lewis uses for his detective stories.

Recently, in a B.B.C. broadcast, he was asked how he first began to write that type of fiction.

"I was a schoolmaster and I had a family and a little cottage just outside Cheltenham," he said.

"The roof started to leak, and I was told it would take about £100 to mend.

"I had not seen £100 all



C. DAY LEWIS . . . poetry and whodunits.

at one time in my life, and I couldn't think of an honest way of coming by the money."

Then he thought that since he'd read hundreds of detective novels he might as well try to write one himself.

The book was accepted, "Nicholas Blake" came into being — and the roof's hole was made whole.

You can't bank on people . . .

A MAN we know was industriously filling in a deposit slip at his bank when he suddenly got that irritating feeling that someone was peering over his shoulder.

He turned round and glared ferociously. But the offender continued to gaze inquiringly at the deposit slip.

"I'll fix him," thought our friend.

He picked up his deposit slip, bowed graciously to the cashier, and said, "Here. Have a closer look."

"Oooh, thanks! Uh—AH! Castlereagh, C A S T L E - R E A G H," said the other gent, reading from the deposit slip. "Thank you, I did not know how to spell it."

He politely handed the slip back and walked away, leaving our friend slack-jawed — to put it mildly.



MARGARET MAY . . . she'll always remember Vienna.

I Follow Him Down—But He Won't Follow Up!

EVEN MY JUMP TURNS DON'T IMPRESS JACK! WHEN IT COMES TO ME, HE JUST COULDN'T CARE LESS, I GUESS!

SUE, YOU'RE NO OSTRICH, BUT YOU CERTAINLY ACT LIKE ONE ABOUT—WELL, ABOUT BAD BREATH! WAKE UP TO YOURSELF, HONEY!

SUE SEES HER DENTIST

TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH—PROTECTS YOU AGAINST BAD BREATH AND FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

COLGATE SOLVED SUE'S PROBLEM FAST AND JACK HAS FOLLOWED UP—AT LAST!

STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

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Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

Just one brushing with COLGATE

- ✓ STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
- ✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

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Send for yours today! A beautifully patterned Rice Pudding Dish in turquoise and white floral—and made from a new heat-resistant white glass Pyrex only just released. Each dish is worth one pound but one can be yours at a saving of 6/6! It's the perfect dish for delicious creamy rice pudding made so easily for the family with Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk. Full pint and a half capacity! There's a free recipe leaflet complete with each dish.

Send off the coupon for yours now! Money refunded if you're not completely satisfied. For each order, just enclose the label* from a tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk and 13/6. But hurry . . . before stocks go. Please note: A rush of orders may cause slight delay in delivery.

*Not applicable in States where this contravenes regulations.



RICE PUDDING

Here's how to make delicious rice pudding with Sweetened Condensed Milk:

INGREDIENTS: 3 rounded tablespoons rice, 1 cup Nestlé's Condensed Milk, 2 cups water, pinch of salt, vanilla or other flavouring, 2 teaspoons butter, pinch grated nutmeg.

1. First step—Put the rice into the buttered pudding dish. Then simply add and mix all the other ingredients.
2. Sprinkle a little nutmeg on top and leave to bake in a slow oven for approximately 1½ hours.
3. Serve hot or cold in your new rice pudding dish. The whole family will love it—and there's enough for 4 to 6.



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for 13/6 and label from a tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Note: Postage stamps not acceptable. Please add exchange to country cheques. Please send me the Nestlé's Pyrex Rice Pudding Dish, valued at one pound, to address below.

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MM.111.FPC



VANILLA CUSTARD, custard tart, and Queen pudding are all favorites from the basic custard recipe.

Variations on a baked custard

Many delicious desserts can be made from the three basic ingredients which form a baked custard.

FROM the simple classic creme caramel to the more substantial custard tart the standard custard mixture of 3 or 4 eggs and 1/3rd cup sugar to every pint of milk remains the same.

It is only when such ingredients as coconut, cake or biscuit crumbs, bread, or rice are added to absorb some of the liquid that the number of eggs is reduced and the sugar quantity altered.

To avoid the mixture boiling and curdling while baking, stand the dish in which the custard is cooked in another shallow pan containing about 1in. of water. Some of the newer style ranges state in their instruction charts that this is not necessary, but the heat in the majority of ovens is too concentrated to cook a custard without it boiling.

Because of its nutritional value and easy digestion, small babies, convalescents, and those suffering with various stomach disorders are recommended to eat egg custards frequently.

Spoon measurements are level.

CUSTARD TART

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, 3 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, ground nutmeg.

Roll the shortcrust pastry thinly and line a 7in. tart-plate. Brush sides and base with a little egg-white; allow to dry 10 minutes. Beat eggs with the milk, powdered milk, sugar, and vanilla. Spoon gently into uncooked pie-shell, dust top lightly with nutmeg. Place in a hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking until custard is set. To test, insert a clean, dry knife into custard near centre; knife should emerge free of mixture.

ORANGE MARSHMALLOW CUPS

Two eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar, pinch salt, grated rind 1 orange, 1 1/2 cups warm milk, 3 tablespoons powdered milk, 4oz. marshmallows.

Beat eggs with sugar, salt, and grated orange rind. Beat powdered milk into warm milk, add to egg mixture, and beat until well mixed. Pour over marshmallows in 4 individual ovenware dishes. Stand in dish of hot water, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes until custard is set. Marshmallows float to the top, melt, and brown lightly. Serve hot or well chilled.

QUEEN PUDDING

Two thin slices stale cake, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, extra 1/2 cup sugar for meringue, 2 tablespoons coconut, cherries.

Cut cake into small blocks or finger-lengths and arrange in base of greased pie-dish. Warm milk slightly, add sugar and vanilla. Reserve 2 egg-whites for meringue and beat remaining whole egg and the egg-yolks thoroughly together, add to milk. Pour carefully into pie-dish and stand in a shallow tray

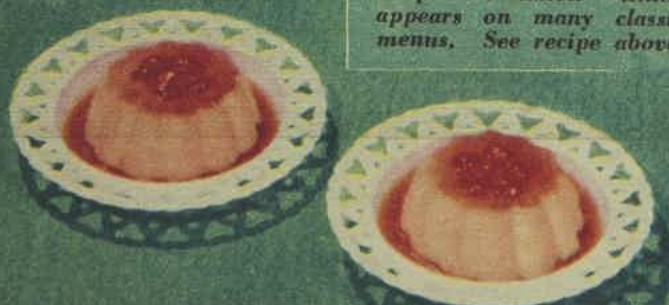
of warm water. Bake in a moderate oven until custard is set. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add extra sugar, and beat to a meringue consistency; fold in coconut. Spoon meringue on top of the hot baked pudding and return to a moderately slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve decorated with cherries.

LEMON BANANA TART

Six ounces biscuit or shortcrust pastry, 1/2 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, juice of 1 lemon, 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 cup finely mashed bananas, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, extra 2 tablespoons sugar.

Line an 8in. tart-plate with pastry. Mix castor sugar with lemon rind and strained lemon juice, add bananas. Beat 1 whole egg and 1 egg-yolk with milk and nutmeg, add gradually to banana mixture. Mix well, fill into tart-case, bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 15 to 20 minutes until filling is set. Prepare a meringue with remaining egg-whites and sugar, pipe or spoon on to tart, return to oven to brown slightly.

CREME CARAMEL — a simple variation which appears on many classic menus. See recipe above.



By

LEILA C. HOWARD

Our Food and Cookery Expert

VANILLA CUSTARD

Three large eggs, 1 tablespoon powdered milk, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 pint milk, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg.

Beat eggs with powdered milk and sugar. Add vanilla and slightly warmed milk, beat thoroughly. Pour into shallow ovenproof dish, sprinkle lightly with nutmeg, and stand in a baking-dish which contains about 1in. water. Bake in a moderately slow oven for 40-45 minutes or until custard is set. Serve hot or well chilled with or without fruit.

CREME CARAMEL

Half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 pint milk, glace cherries.

Combine half the sugar with water in a small saucepan, bring to boil slowly, then cook until syrup changes color to a light golden-brown. Pour a small quantity into bottom of four wetted custard cups or small moulds. Beat eggs with remaining sugar, add vanilla and milk, and carefully spoon over caramel mixture. Place cups in shallow pan, pour around about 1 pint warm water and carefully place in a moderately slow oven for 25 to 30 minutes or until custards are set. Chill thoroughly before turning out on to individual plates and decorate with cherry pieces.

RAGGEDY ANNE

Two cups strawberries or other berry fruits, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups cooked rice, 2 eggs, extra 1/2 cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 cups warm milk.

Place strawberries (hulled) into pie-dish, sprinkle with sugar, and cover with rice. Beat eggs slightly, add extra sugar, salt, and milk; mix well. Carefully pour over rice in dish. Place in pan of water, bake in moderate oven until firm.



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So lavish,

luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

Two-way design



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows a pleasing, modern design with flower-boxes and plenty of window space. The windows in the sitting-room extend from floor to ceiling and combine picture panels with practical hoppers. There is a terrace on the left, which gives extra living space.

● Our home plan this week is a two-bedroom house which can be built across or down a site, depending on the aspect and the width of the block of land.

THIS week's "signature" plan, No. 680 in our series, has been designed by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys.

Plans for this house can be bought for £9/9/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres. For addresses, see panel below.

The front entrance is under a separate gable, which protects it from weather. There is an unusual entrance hall which does not take any floor space from the living-room because the front porch extends slightly.

Bedroom 1 has a wall-length, built-in wardrobe, and both bedrooms are conveniently near the bathroom.

Good outlook

The spacious living-room has an outlook on two sides. The dining section is near the kitchen.

A meals area is also provided in the kitchen, where ceiling-high storage cupboards flank the refrigerator.

The total area of this home is 10.2 squares in brick construction and 9.4 in timber or fibro.

Building costs vary considerably in the different States, but it is considered that design No. 680 would cost approximately £3500 to £4500 in brick; £2700 to £3200 in timber and £2600 to £3100 in fibro.

More accurate cost estimations can be obtained from your local Home Planning Centre.

Free service

These Centres will also give you free advisory service on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home.

They will prepare plans specially for your individual requirements or design, or modify any of the standard plans to suit you. Fee is £1/1/- per square.

A set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of standard specification. This includes details on general construction, drains, fencing, paving, etc.

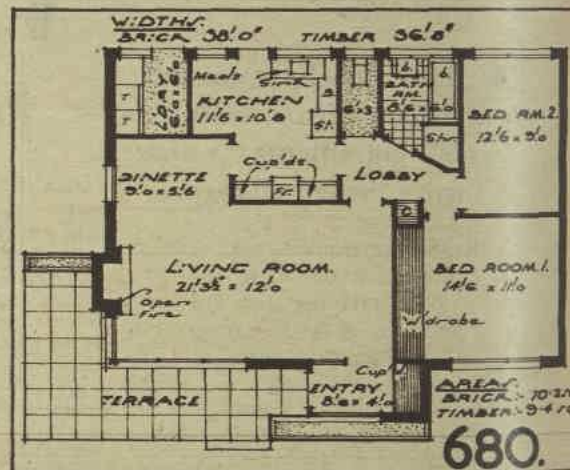
All Home Plans conform to council requirements.

The Home Planning Centres will arrange for site inspections and advise you on the best design for your block of land. They will also draw preliminary sketches of any plan, which will be invaluable when you are discussing design and cost.

If you are intending to build your house yourself, these Centres will, for a reasonable fee, prepare a material quan-

ties list, which will be a reliable guide when you are buying materials and assessing costs.

Home Plan leaflets are obtainable from all these Centres. They feature Home Plans that have appeared on this page and cost only 2/6 each. They are "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans," and "Contemporary Plans."



FLOOR PLAN of home No. 680. There is an open fire in the living-room and spacious kitchen with meals area. Main bedroom has built-in cupboard. Passage space has been kept to a minimum.

OUR CENTRES

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. These Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specification. Fee, £9/9/-.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

- CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
- MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
- GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.
- SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.
- ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
- BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
- TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
- HOBART: FitzGerald's.

Specials for lunch-box

- Buns with a delicious savory meat filling win the main prize of £5 this week in our recipe contest.

PRIZE WINNING meat buns are ideal for picnics and school lunches because they pack and carry well.

A recipe for crunchy, simple-to-make biscuits wins a consolation prize of £1.

Spoon measurements are level.

LUNCH-BOX MEAT BUNS

Meat Balls: One thick slice bread soaked in a little water, 1½ lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped onion, bacon, and parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 small green pepper (chopped), salt, pepper, flour, fat for frying.

To Make Meat Balls: Squeeze moisture from soaked bread, combine with remaining ingredients, except flour and fat. Shape into balls, roll in flour, and fry in heated fat until lightly browned and partially cooked. Cool before enclosing in paste.

Paste: Half-ounce compressed yeast, 1 tablespoon water, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 to 4 cups plain flour, 1 egg-white, tomato sauce, egg-glazing.

Soften yeast in warm water. Melt butter, add to warmed milk, sugar, and salt. Sift flour into large basin, make well in centre, add yeast mixture and stiffly beaten egg-white. Mix until well blended, knead on board, adding extra flour if necessary to make soft, pliable

dough. When elastic to the touch, place in greased bowl, cover, and allow to stand in warm place until doubled in bulk.

Knead again on floured board, break off small pieces of dough the size of golf ball. Roll each piece out thinly, spread with a little tomato sauce, enclose meat ball in each, rolling in hands until smooth. Place on greased tray, cover and stand in warm place 10 minutes. Bake in hot oven 8 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 10 minutes. Brush tops with egg-glazing, return to oven and bake further 3 minutes.

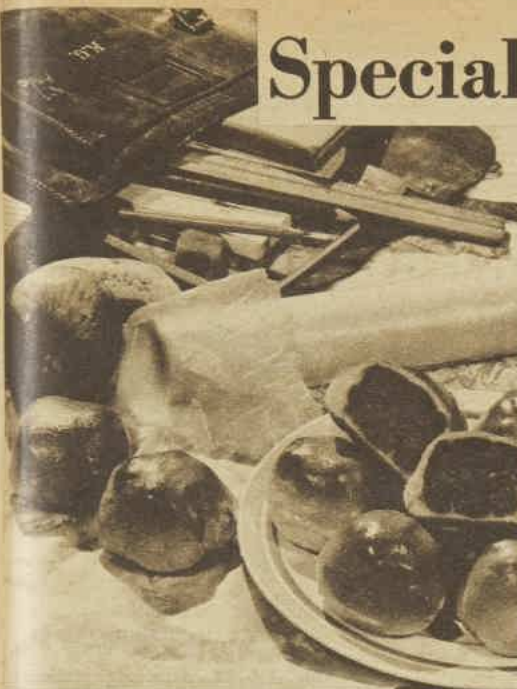
First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Sainsbury, 24 Leofrene Ave., Marrickville, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE CHIPPERS

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2oz. cream cheese, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, walnut halves.

Cream butter, sugar, and cream cheese together. Add egg, orange rind, and vanilla; beat well. Mix in sifted flour and salt, lastly add chocolate pieces. Drop mixture a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray, top each with a walnut half. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Loosen with knife, cool on trays.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Stirling, Church St., Bealleigh, Qld.



CHILDREN will love these appetising meat buns in their school lunch-box. They are easy to pack.

FAMILY DISH

MERINGUE tarts are always popular. This week's family dish costs approximately 3/6 (plus cream or ice-cream) and serves 4 or 5.

COFFEE MERINGUE TART

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry-case, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup strong black coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 3 extra tablespoons sugar. Blend cocoa and cornflour to smooth paste with a little of the milk. Add balance of milk, coffee, and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Cool slightly, add vanilla and egg-yolks. Cook 2 minutes longer without allowing to boil. When cold, spoon into pastry-case. Cover with meringue made with the egg-whites and extra sugar, beaten together until the sugar is dissolved and the meringue holds its shape. Spread over tart, bake in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

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ever wish
that you
were twins?



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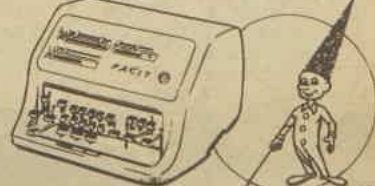


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5/6 AND 9/6
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● *Cotoneaster serotina* bears clusters of small bright, shiny red berries over a long period. The fruit is enjoyed by birds during winter.

Bright berries

BERRY-BEARING bushes and small trees that bear fruits provide considerable color in the garden during autumn and winter. Most of them are easy to grow, and should be included in the season's plantings — from now until early spring.



● Mountain Ash, or Rowan, one of the brightest berry-bearing small trees, fruits best in cold districts. The foliage colors in autumn.



● *Pyrus malus* grows to 40ft., and has small white flowers followed by colorful fruits in the autumn.

● *Crataegus crenulata* grows to about 12ft. high and across. It is thorny and makes a thick impenetrable hedge.



Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

believe Flecker was in trouble about a girl named Virginia. I believe he'd done something unforgivable—and was being threatened about it. Perhaps it was somebody's wife, Mr. Baynes. As you said just now, you can't play fast and loose with a man's wife forever."

A little silence followed. "O.K., Mr. Baynes, thank you," Swinton stood up. "I'm sorry to keep you all waiting about like this."

Baynes didn't seem to hear. His eyes had glazed over and the lines of his face were grim. Then a little smile, not at all pleasant, tilted his mouth, and he shrugged. He realised the Inspector was waiting; he realised he was being watched. He got up, reserved again, and together they went to the dining-room.

Swinton spoke with Primrose, and a few moments later Steve came out into the hall. Swinton took him across to the study, the haunt of this man's fears and frustrations.

Alone in the room, the two men eyed each other.

"Mr. French," the Inspector sat down heavily. "It would have been quite a simple matter for you and your wife to take Flecker's body down those back stairs."

"It was."

Under the Inspector's long, hard look Steve didn't bat an eyelid.

"Then you did take him downstairs?"

"Yes. Clever, wasn't it?"

"It was dangerous and unnecessary."

"But it was clever, wasn't it?" Steve leaned forward tensely, his eyes glittering.

"It was smart, shall we say, but not quite smart enough."

STEVE got up and kicked at the desk savagely. "Don't tell me it wasn't smart. If some other fool hadn't bungled things you'd never have found out."

"Come now, Mr. French, you've strewn the path with clues for us . . . the typewriter, the poem — to mention only two."

He went on carefully, "And you took the body in the car to the spot on the roadside?"

Steve smiled and sat down again. "Yes, Inspector," he said mildly.

"Your wife was with you?"

"She drove our car so that we could come back in it. But I worked it all out."

"And it was you who wiped your fingerprints from Flecker's car, of course? That was a mistake."

"I don't make mistakes, Inspector. If you can't be civil I won't talk to you."

Great big chip on his shoulder, Swinton thought.

"I asked you before if you're jealous of your wife, Mr. French," he said. "You must have heard the rumors. They've been repeated to me."

Steve turned his head and looked dreamily at the Inspector.

"William was a sham and a fraud," he said softly. "Success that comes cheap and easy is no success at all. He had the shallow charm of all transient things. He wasn't a cultivated man. He had no traditions, no faith, no roots. Real success is keeping all those things together."

Swinton was silent. "Isn't it, Inspector?" he demanded angrily.

"I should say that's partly it, yes, Mr. French."

"Isn't it wonderful that he's dead?" Steve grinned joyously.

"Where did you get the body from, Mr. French?"

from page 21

"From his room, of course. Men with wives have got to be on the watch, Inspector." He wagged his finger. "Look what happened to poor old Bill."

"What happened?"

"She committed suicide. They'd only been married a few months. You never know what they'll be doing next."

"Did you know he was dead when you went to get him?"

"Now, now, Inspector," Steve laughed, "you're going too fast. I want you to appreciate the plot. It's clever, Inspector. Clever and successful, isn't it?"

"So far, yes."

"I suppose you thought it wasn't very clever to type those lists on this typewriter. But that's just where you're wrong. The obvious and the subtle, interwoven, can be diabolically confusing."

"Some people try to be too clever," Steve continued, "then they outwit themselves." He leaned forward and stared at Swinton anxiously. "I'm only telling you all this, Inspector, because I want to tell you."

Swinton asked abruptly, "Who's Virginia?"

"Virginia?"

"Yes." He waited, while Steve looked confused. "It was one of the items on the lists . . . don't you remember?"

"Oh . . . that was nothing. Just padding. Only one thing counted, Inspector — 'get rid of William.'"

"Your wife said she came down to this room immediately after you yesterday and stayed with you all the time, and that when she left you followed her almost immediately."

Steve's lip curled.

"She didn't come down at all."

"Why is she trying to protect you, Mr. French?"

"She's not protecting me, Inspector; she's protecting her 'embroidered cloths.' You don't know what I mean? You don't know Yeats' poem? In plain words, she's protecting this house."

"Did you stab Flecker, Mr. French?"

"Don't rush on so crudely, Inspector. Take it in easy stages. The note, for instance, that was in Flecker's room. It was so easy to make everyone believe I found it on the hall table. You can make people believe anything if you want to."

He spoke with the pleasure of a child who discovers that an automatic toy will work at the turning of a key.

"And the overnight bag?"

Swinton asked laboriously. "That, too," Steve said.

"Did anyone see you stabbing Flecker? Miss Atkinson, perhaps?"

"She wouldn't have seen me if I hadn't wanted her to. I did all the planning myself, Inspector. Why do you ask?"

"She was confused about what she'd done with the dagger after stabbing Flecker, as she claimed. So perhaps she didn't stab him, after all — she could be protecting someone; maybe you, Mr. French. She'd feel safe enough in admitting it — she'd feel it couldn't be proved against her."

Oh, what a terrible argument, Swinton thought. Full of holes and phony surmises. A reasonable man would never accept it. French accepted it.

"Yes, that's very likely. I think Pam would protect me if she could — if I wanted protection," he added superciliously.

"You and Miss Atkinson are hiding something, aren't you?"

To page 48

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 47

You seem to be very much in each other's confidence."

"No one's in my confidence," Steve said coldly.

He got up and walked about the room. Obviously he found the trend of their talk distasteful. Swinton decided to add sudden fuel to the fire. This man who busied himself so much with himself, who was so fascinated by the little play going on inside, must be forced into the truth.

"Your wife was jealous of Miss Atkinson, wasn't she?"

Steve stopped in his pacing, and Swinton saw the complete tension and the uncontrollable shaking that followed after.

"She was jealous because she was in love with Flecker herself. Is that why you killed him, Mr. French?"

Steve continued to stand motionless, then slowly he raised his head and looked round the room. He turned, so that he might see it all. The beginnings of a smile appeared on his lips: an empty smile that grew as the burning eyes fixed on different objects in the room; on the easel, the desk with its typewriter, the shelves of reference books, the paintings, the cello case, and the valuable family heirlooms. The eyes finally fixed on Swinton. He took a deep breath.

"No, that's not why I killed him, Inspector Swinton. I killed him because he was jealous of me, d'you hear? He was jealous of me. And envious. He was envious of everything I am, everything I own, everything I do. He hated quality because he never had it."

"What time was this?"

"Time?" He looked dazed.

"What time did you kill him?"

"Good grief, I don't know. What does it matter?"

The door opened suddenly and noisily. Cynthia stood there, grey-faced. Primrose came up behind her and took her arm. She shook him off fiercely.

"What has he said?" she cried, looking from her husband to Swinton.

"How dare you!" Steve's voice was icily contemptuous.

Primrose shut the door. He was beginning to believe they were all crazy.

"Your husband has admitted it, Mrs. French."

"Admitted what?" She held on to the desk for support.

"Flecker's murder."

"I had to, you know," Steve said jauntily, as though this explained everything.

"He didn't, Inspector. He's lying. I swear he didn't. I know he didn't! Steve!" She flung herself at him, but he pushed her roughly away.

"You've both been lying," Swinton said evenly.

"Oh, I know, I know, but not about the murder—not about that!"

Steve turned on her.

"Go away. You've always undermined me. You've always tried to spoil everything. You've always known."

"How's your poem?" he mimicked her, "but you've always known. Get away. This is men's business. The Inspector understands. You've cuckolded me with that swine for the last time. Dear William! Sweet William! Such a darling!"

And d'you know why he made a play for you? Because of envy. Envy of me! Me!" He pounded his chest.

"A tramp like you wouldn't see it. This house has never been yours . . . never! It wouldn't accept you. I'll tear it to pieces first!"

His voice rose to a frenzy and he picked up the nearest thing—a heavy old glass paperweight—and hurled it at a painting on the oppo-

site wall. It was one of Cynthia's paintings.

At a glance from Swinton Primrose came round behind Stephen and pinioned his arms.

Steve looked astonished. "Don't do that," he said gently. "There's no need. I like you men. You understand. You appreciate talent. You respect it. It's my deeds that count with you, Inspector, isn't it, not my possessions?"

Swinton nodded.

Steve smiled triumphantly at Cynthia.

"Will you go with Mr. Primrose now?" Swinton said.

"Yes, of course," the mild voice continued. He moved towards the door, Primrose at his side. Then he stopped and turned. "I should have told you sooner, Inspector. I just wanted you to appreciate the intricacies. But I haven't got to those yet, and I'd like to tell you everything. May I?" he looked at his wife with a curious expression, half-appealing, half-triumphant.

CYNTHIA was slumped in a chair now, dazed with shock, her head drooping. She didn't see Steve's look; it was doubtful whether she heard what he was saying any longer.

"Yes, Mr. French. I'll want to hear the whole story."

"Now. I want them all to hear, Inspector."

Swinton looked at him a long moment. Obviously, this was the man's peak of achievement, the grand illusion that served to dissipate all the failures that had gone before.

Besides, Swinton thought, such a procedure might serve his own purposes; it might turn out to be very practical indeed. He stood up.

"Yes, Mr. French, of course. It's only fair to them, too, before you go along with Sergeant Primrose. Mrs. French," he spoke gently, bent over her and took her arm, "you'd better come along, too."

She rose without a word and let herself be led to the door. The little procession, Primrose and Steve first, Swinton and Cynthia behind, arrived at the dining-room and went in. Tired eyes, pinched faces, and the yawning boredom that follows strain greeted them. Joanna looked startled, and Des sat forward with a jerk when he saw Steve's face. But one of them was missing.

"Where's Miss Atkinson? Get her, will you, Primrose? Mr. French is going to tell us a story," Swinton said, "the sequence of events that preceded and included the tragedy this weekend. Mrs. French, will you sit here, please? Mr. French?"

Swinton placed himself where he could see them all. Their faces were all buttoned up now, all except Treloar's. He looked angry and unbelieving.

They waited. Nobody spoke. The tension was an extra presence. When the door opened and Pam came in, followed by Primrose, it was almost a comic relief. Pam was in a trailing robe and yawning audibly. Primrose sat close to Steve.

Steve looked round at them all, a little smile on his mouth. His old friend Bill, his best friend Des, that nice girl Joanna (lucky Des), the unpleasant Simmondses, broken-hearted Pam, and his wife . . . his wife . . . Lastly, he looked at his

and . . .

for

added

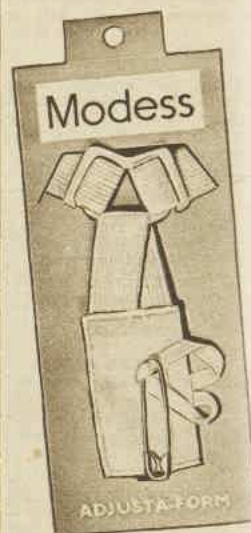
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PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

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LAMPOONING the legendary Old West of outlaws and dance-hall girls in "Alias Jesse James" are Wendell Corey, Rhonda Fleming, and Bob Hope (above). At right is Rhonda as "The Duchess" in the film.

HOPE AGAIN GOES WEST

In this new comedy Western, "Alias Jesse James," Bob Hope plays a bungling insurance salesman who sells a life policy to the most wanted outlaw in the country.

WHEN his boss finds out that the new policy-holder is none other than the notorious Jesse James he dispatches Bob to the West with orders either to retrieve the policy or to stay as bodyguard to James and prevent his being killed.

The outlaw gang let greenhorn Bob hang around just for laughs, and next thing they know the impressionable New York insurance salesman has fitted himself out with full Western costume and is aping the ways of the great Jesse himself.

This gives the outlaw leader an idea. He figures that if the gormless newcomer can look like him alive, he can also look like him when he (that is, Bob) is dead.

Bob is bullet-proof

With his beneficiary, dance-hall queen Rhonda Fleming ("The Duchess"), to identify the dead Hope as James, James reckons he can get his hands on his own policy money and start life again with it—and the beautiful Rhonda—in a safer locality.

What James has failed to realise is that beneath the authentic Western costume of his new lieutenant is concealed the very un-Western precaution of a bullet-proof vest.

The vest enables Bob, who has been left for dead in a ditch, to get up, get away, and begin doing something about preserving his own life instead of that of Jesse James.

Hope's last stand is fought in a deserted sheriff's office with an arsenal of small arms

at his disposal and the comely presence of The Duchess at his side.

Inspired by the transfer of her affections from James to himself and the arrival of some unexpected reinforcements, he succeeds in getting both of them out of it alive.

Gaol for the buddies

Those of the James gang remaining on their feet are rounded up and marched off to gaol, leaving Hope and The Duchess to board the next train headed for safety and the attractions of New York.

"Alias Jesse James" is Bob Hope's first Western since the "Paleface" series of some years ago and is the first Hollywood picture he has made since "Beau James" in 1957.

One of the highlights is a comedy-chase sequence that lasts for four-and-a-half minutes.

The film has been photographed in color and is a United Artists release. Guy Mitchell sings the title song.

Recently the health of 56-year-old Bob has given cause for concern, and his doctors have advised that he put a break on his future picture-making commitments.

When he was visiting American troops in Europe on an entertainment trip last December, he became ill with exhaustion and developed a blood clot in his left eye.

The money side of it isn't worrying Bob. A hard worker, acclaimed as one of the funniest men in the world, he has amassed a fortune over the years.

He's got tidy investments in oil and TV, as well as in a baseball team.



Entertainment

Don't be sad, Mr. Burr

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Week after week Raymond Burr, television's Perry Mason, Australia's most popular private eye, puts witness after witness on the stand and subjects them to unrelenting cross-examination.

THIS week we turned the tables on Mr. Burr and put him on the stand to answer a series of questions.

Here is the cross-examination:

Q: How did you land the Perry Mason role?

A: As nearly as I'm able to recall it, I was originally tested for the role of the prosecuting attorney. Although this is purely hearsay evidence, therefore not admissible in this court, I've been given to understand by reliable witnesses that Erle Stanley Gardner, after viewing said test, suggested I might play the part. All evidence points to the fact that this suggestion was agreeable to the producers of the show.

Q: Are you a mystery fan?

A: I think the term "fan" needs clarification. However, for the sake of expediting procedure here, I will answer "yes."

Q: How are you at solving mysteries?

A: If you are referring to my activities as Perry Mason, I admit that, equipped as I am with the previous knowledge of the guilty persons involved in any case, I am virtually infallible.

Q: And otherwise?

A: Otherwise, I regretfully submit that I am no more perceptive than the average viewer.

Q: Do you think you resemble the literary version of Perry Mason?

A: My opinions on this matter are hardly pertinent, since I presume you are seeking facts. However, to the best of my knowledge, there is no specific Perry Mason type. I believe Mr. Gardner's numerous works would show indisputably that he never described Perry Mason physically. Nonetheless, if I am to accept the word of the viewers who take the trouble to write to me, I am exactly as they visualise Mr. Gardner's visualisation of Perry Mason.

Q: As one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, have you any serious ideas about marriage?

A: Any ideas about marriage should, of necessity, be serious.

Q: In other words, you refuse to answer the question.

A: Yes.

Q: Are there any particular types of women that irritate you?

A: I object to the question on grounds of self-incrimination.

Q: What kind of women do you like?

A: For the record I like women with blond or black hair and I have no objection to redheads or brunettes.

Q: Have you any opinions on how television might be improved?

A: I am not now nor have I ever been a critic of this medium. I leave that, as is proper, to the critics. However, I would like to state, and must make clear that this is my opinion alone, that there is nothing in the world that cannot be improved with some effort.

Q: Does criticism from your fans ever prove helpful to you?

A: I think the question requires definition. What does the prosecution mean by "criticism"? Laudatory comment? If so, this variety of criticism is always extremely pleasant to receive, rarely ever helpful. If the prosecution means derogatory comments, then the answer is "yes."

Q: When and if the "Perry Mason" series is finished...

A: I should like to point out that the question is in the realm of speculation.

Q: I am aware of that. If that should happen, would you immediately sign for another television series?

A: I consider the question irrelevant, immaterial, and, at this point, very frightening.

Mr. Burr, you'll notice, is distinctly cagy in the witness box, he gives nothing away. But scouting around we found the answer to many of the questions asked by his fans.

The main ones come from women, thousands and thousands of them, who want to know what makes brown-eyed Burr look sad.

Typical of the "sad look" fan letters is one from a woman who said, "I know it's play-acting, and Perry Mason is a man who is supposed to keep to himself, but I also feel there's sadness in Mr. Burr's soul. Don't be sad, Mr. Burr. We love you."

Burr's inner sadness, which is real, is said to stem from a very prosaic fact — he is a born fat man. He loves food. But he has dieted down to what he considers a normal weight by living on salads while yearning for creamy cakes and rich pastries.

Nature hits back, he says, by imposing melancholy and frustration.

He says he remembers being fat from the time he was a small child.

By the time he was 25, Burr weighed 21st. 7lb. and was in Hollywood to fulfil a picture contract. To do so he went on a severe diet, which undermined his health, and he was forced to spend two years recuperating in Oregon.

Recovered, Burr returned to Hollywood and played in a number of other films, but when he was 31 he was back again to 21st. 7lb. and able to play only villainous or "heavy" roles.

In 1948 Burr got a part in a film titled "A Mask for Lucretia."

"I was over 21st. at the

BURR loves cooking fattening foods — for his guests. He watches his diet.



time," he said, "and I had to wear 85lb. of leather-and-wool armor. That and the 100-degree summer heat combined to start my first real weight reduction."

"As I walked round in the armor the fat literally melted off, and I soon was down to 16st. 9lb., the lightest I had ever been since entering my twenties. It felt great, but the battle wasn't won. Not by a long sight."

By 1951, however, good resolutions forgotten, Burr weighed 23st. 9lb.

"I had to take drastic action," he said.

"I went into hibernation for three months and on to a diet of 750 calories a day—against doctor's orders."

(A diet of 750 calories is considered dangerous except in very unusual circumstances. There are 750 calories in 10oz. of fat-free fillet steak, grilled.)

"My doctor used to call every three days," Burr went on, "probably to see if I was still living."

"All I dreamed about was

baked potatoes, sour cream, and French pastries. But I stuck to my diet. Finally I made it down to 13st. 8lb. But I was so weak and exhausted I had to rest."

Since those grim weight-problem days, Burr has vowed never to let himself go over his present 13st. 8lb.

"It's a monster of a task staying there. While I don't diet now, I make up for it by sleeping only four hours a night, and working my fool head off on the 'Perry Mason' series. Besides that, I do have to watch what I eat."

Poor sad Burr. He hasn't only suffered from being overweight, he has also suffered severely from domestic unhappiness.

His first wife died and his second divorced him. They had a son, but the boy died from leukemia when he was 12.

So now you know why he looks sad. But as the unknown fan wrote to him: "Don't look sad, Mr. Burr. We love you."



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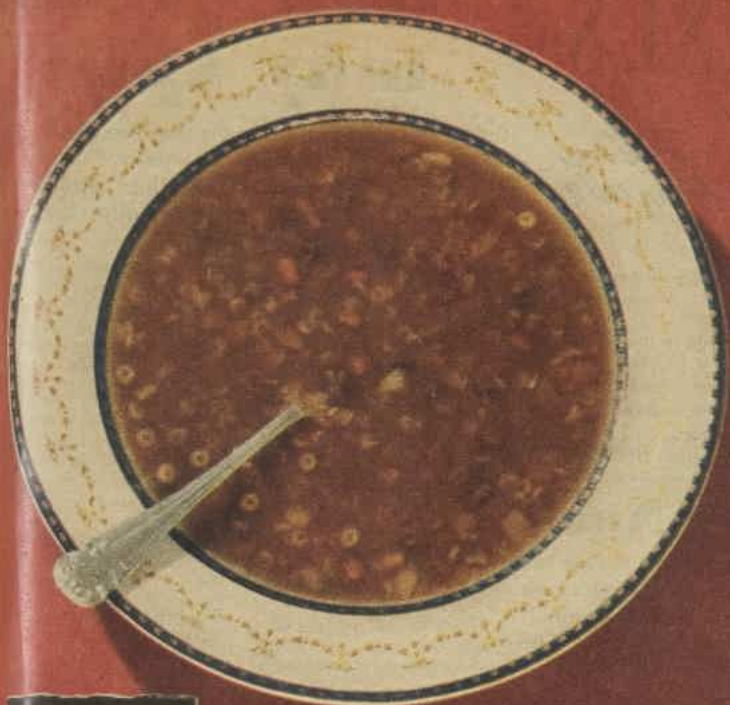


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BETTY KING RECIPE

BEEF VEGETABLE SOUP WITH DUMPLINGS

Sift $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (3 oz.) of self-raising flour, pinch of salt and pinch of cayenne into a basin. Rub in 1 oz. of butter or margarine. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated cheese and mix thoroughly to soft dough with 4 tablespoons of milk.

Drop teaspoonfuls of mixture on to boiling Beef Vegetable Soup. Cover with well-fitting lid, reduce heat. Cook gently 15 minutes.

For other interesting recipes, write to Betty King, Box 3680, G.P.O., Sydney.

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CRASH A CROOKED SHADOW

Suspense thriller, with Anne Baxter, Richard Todd, Herbert Lom. Esquire, Sydney.

HOLD on to your seat, for here is the genuine thing—a suspense thriller worthy of its name.

An orphaned South African diamond heiress returns to her newly opened villa on a lonely spot of Spain's Costa Brava, and is confronted with a self-possessed young man who claims to be the brother she says is dead.

Which of them is lying—and why?

The man has the right passport and identity papers, and is familiar with intimate details of their past family life.

And, following her father's suicide, the heiress has been through a period of mental disturbance.

Director Michael ("Around the World") Anderson shows himself an expert in the building of suspense, and also produces a couple of moments of real shock.

Right up to the surprise ending, the growing peril of the girl is never in doubt, though her isolation may seem a little unusual for anyone so pretty and rich.

Todd and Baxter do everything required of them in the leading roles, and the excellent photography, together with its general high standard of film-making, give this Douglas Fairbanks production a distinguished competence.

In a word . . . **EXCITING.**

new friend, Inspector Swinton, who was waiting deferentially for him to begin.

"William was always envious," he began in a quiet conversational voice. "He came up the hard way and nobody held that against him. Except himself. He could never forget it. That's why he compensated with all that carefully cultivated popularity—the complete extrovert."

He had their full attention. They were as much fascinated by him as by what he was saying.

"But that wasn't enough for William," Steve continued. "He liked to get people in his power. He liked to win success for himself at the expense of somebody else, whether it was material gain or the fleeting success of the witty word dipped in poison."

It sounded like a well-learned lesson.

"He had lots of victims. Remember, I've known William a long time, longer than any of you. I saw right through him without ever being intimate with him . . ." he smiled. "I don't mean intimate in the sense that my wife was intimate with him."

Pamela reacted angrily, but Cynthia made no movement, no acknowledgment of the insult.

"But the outside victims don't concern us. Their suffering's over now, anyway. It's just this circle that counts, as

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NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

Film Parade

★ GREEN MANSIONS

Romantic adventure, with Audrey Hepburn, Anthony Perkins, Lee J. Cobb. In color. St. James, Sydney.

It is my painful duty to report that the reputations of all the celebrities on this film's billing suffer from the unhappy attempt to make a motion picture out of W. H. Hudson's widely read novel.

The slow pace at which director Mel Ferrer unwinds his old-fashioned and curiously unreal story would be disastrous to even ideal screen material, which this most certainly is not.

Perkins plays Abel, a young political refugee who flees to the wild jungle country beyond the Amazon, and there finds the forest maiden, Rima (Audrey Hepburn).

Perkins' previously likeable personality dissolves to something far less appealing in front of the color cameras, and it cannot be said on this occasion that his acting is any consolation.

Audrey Hepburn, whose

greatest charm has always been her sparkle, moves like a lost wraith through a role that hardly allows her to smile—and at the same time presents her with a one-costume wardrobe of singular ugliness.

Got up to look like some second-rate King Lear, the unfortunate Cobb treats the

role of Rima's grandfather accordingly, with a result painful to watch.

To add to the poor fellow's troubles, he has the lion's share of some virtually unspeakable dialogue.

In a word . . . **UNWORLDLY.**

Guinness as Noah

● After completing his current role of vacuum-cleaner salesman turned secret agent in Sir Carol Reed's "Our Man in Havana," Sir Alec Guinness will play Noah in "The Rainbow."

THE screenplay has been written from the biblical story by Sir Alec himself, and will be given a large budget because of the enormous costs involved in staging Flood sequences.

Production and direction will be in the hands of John Bryan and Ronald Neame, the team responsible for the recent Guinness success, "The Horse's Mouth."

The film will have a love interest because, as John Bryan so rightly points out, "There were three girls in the Ark." But no casting has yet been announced.

Meanwhile the offers of new parts will pile up for Guinness, an amazingly modest man where his career is concerned.

Recently he was offered a record sum of money if he would play Christ in a new biblical film, but Guinness declined the offer.

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 48

He looked round at them and his eyes rested on Bill. Bill stared back unwinkingly.

"Then Pamela—a victim of a very common type—one of William's women," he sneered.

Pam jumped up furiously. Steve ignored her, and she sat down again dejectedly.

"Clever, isn't he? That way I'd lose face with everybody—they'd laugh at me—me—she'd lose the house, her precious house, when I divorced her. Clever, but cheap, isn't it? Everybody to suffer except William—the plums for William." He turned savagely on his wife.

"So that's the sort of success you admire."

Cynthia stared at the ruin that only she could see—her private ruin.

"And his books—those terrible yarns he was so proud of—so he liked to pretend that anyone who didn't rush into print as soon as they put pen to paper was a failure." He almost choked on the word. "Bill . . . that stuff he wrote—terrible, wasn't it?"

Bill nodded.

Swinton said, "And talking about victims, what about Mr. Baynes?"

"All my work," Steve said incomprehensibly. He was measuring himself by the yardstick of a row of gaudy dust-jackets.

"Yes, Mr. French?" Swinton prodded. "You were going on to Mr. Baynes?"

Steve glanced at Bill, then turned with a puzzled look to the Inspector.

"I don't know what you mean, Inspector. Mr. Baynes wasn't a victim. He was about the only person William couldn't get at."

"Inspector . . . ?" This was Des again. His voice was ur-

gent. Bill stared at him, wonderingly.

"Just a moment, Mr. Treloar. Go on, Mr. French."

Steve got up and paced about the room in excitement.

"So now we come to the plot—my plot." He surveyed them all. "I had everything—classic, Inspector, isn't it?—motive, venue, weapon, opportunity. I arranged it all. The threats were an extra refinement. I toyed with those—as you know, darling, don't you?" he said to Cynthia in mock-loving tones.

"That list William found last April was a joyous etcetera that I put to use—cleverly, I think you'll agree. I deliberately used my typewriter here—sometimes the obvious clue is especially subtle. Then Pam played into my hands by suggesting the method."

Pamela stared at him. "Remember how we all admired the dagger in her belt, again last April? I'd use a similar dagger. How fortunate that I've a collection of weapons. William also played into my hands—who was successful now!—with that headache of his. It tied his hands." He laughed. "More than somewhat. After he'd said those terrible things to Pam yesterday, in the garden, he came into my study—just to gloat, to talk about Pam. Now this is a clever bit—I said to him wasn't he afraid Pam might do something drastic, something violent?"

Pamela, very pale now, looked appealingly at Swinton. He frowned at her for silence.

"I prepared him to expect the worst—just a little extra garish, you know! Well, then, at half-past five we extracted a promise from him—my dear wife and I—that he'd rest till dinner-time. My wife's motive

"Doll" team may split

● Persistent rumor has it that the Hecht-Hill Lancaster producing company, American makers of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," is about to break up, following some recent losses.

IT is suggested that this will leave Jim Hill and his actress wife, Rita Hayworth, out in the cold.

Burt Lancaster and Hecht have made a fortune during their 10 years' partnership, but it is said that Hill has not been fitting in too happily of late.

ONE film star who believes that it's good for young people to have to earn what they want is Roz Russell. Her 16-year-old son, Lance, badly wants his own car, and he's earning it by working as a copy boy on a Los Angeles newspaper during vacations.

DURING a fight scene in "The Jayhawkers," Jeff Chandler can be seen giving Fess Parker a sock that looks the real thing. And so it was. Fess, who was supposed to have ducked, forgot to, and as a result had to have three stitches put in over his eye.

EVEN if Gary Cooper's daughter Maria is still interested in Tab Hunter, she will be seeing nothing of him for some time to come. Gary has taken wife and daughter

to the South of France for the summer months. The whole family are skin-diving enthusiasts and plan to spend a lot of their time in the warm waters of the Mediterranean.

CONFIDENT predictions are that Lana Turner will collect anything from three to four million dollars from her half-share of the profits of "Imitation of Life."

ASKED to comment on her feelings towards American shoe tycoon Harry Karp her host during a recent Hawaiian vacation, Debbie Reynolds says, "We're dear friends—that's all." Karp was formerly married to Marjorie (The Body) MacDonald.

AUSTRALIAN actor Rock Hudson is now Rock Hudson's closest friend. The two have planned to spend two months cruising in Rock's yacht, lapping up sunshine and getting away from it all.

FOLLOWING the withdrawal, for health reasons, of Clifton Webb from the cast of Pat Boone's "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," James Mason has stepped in as replacement.

was care for her lover—motive was rather different.

"When I came up from the study, Inspector—I suppose I would be getting on for twenty to seven—I went into my room for a moment—I think my dear wife was in her dressing-room. She didn't see me, anyway. I went straight along to William's room—it was right next door to ours—and stabbed him—where it counts, Inspector."

"You had the dagger with you?" Swinton asked.

"No, he didn't," Pamela screamed.

Steve smiled. "Stop lying, Pam. That's just why I went into our room, my dear Inspector. The dagger was all ready—poised, shall we say?—in the pocket of my bathrobe. I simply took off my jacket and put on the bathrobe. That had another slight benefit in my play . . . if anyone saw me, they might think from a brief glimpse that it was someone else—the lights are dim—you've only got to look at my wife to see why she likes semi-darkness—people in bathrobes look much alike—men, that is."

The inference wasn't lost on Baynes, Swinton noted, but then a slight movement caught his eye. Joanna's hand had flown to her mouth again, in the gesture Swinton now knew meant some recollection.

"Where did you get the dagger, Mr. French?"

Steve smiled wearily. Even success had its reaction.

"It's mine, Inspector. I've a small collection of weapons—they've been in the family for years. I keep them at my flat in town, because my dear wife doesn't like them here—they spoil her decor."

"And after stabbing Mr. Flecker you left the dagger there?"

"Of course not, my dear Inspector. That would be foolish. I was going to find him anyway." Pamela was now completely bewildered. "The

To page 54



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Turned 50?

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Continuing... GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

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big thing was that the deed was done — everyone was free again." He flung his arms wide to include them all in his bounty. "The rest was play-acting. I went back to his room later—and then I noticed the note dear William had written—it couldn't have been better. Dear sweet William would be furious if he knew how much pleasure it gave me.

"The rest was easy, getting my wife to help—she'd do anything to protect my house, you know — taking him down the back stairs—I drove his car and she drove ours—I knew just the place—I sat him up behind the steering-wheel like the empty carcase he was, and we drove back." He looked at Cynthia with hard eyes. "Suddenly my wife was proud of me." He shrugged. "Justice was my instrument. Simple, isn't it?"

"Inspector!" Des shouted. He jumped up. "It's all lies. You must listen to me. I know Steve! He couldn't do it..." "Couldn't?" Steve turned on Des in a rage. "What d'you mean, couldn't? You mean I'm not clever enough! Well, let this prove it..." He strode over to Des, but Primrose was too quick for him. He pinioned his arms again. Steve shrugged and relaxed and turned away. Swinton signed to Primrose to release him.

"I appreciate your loyalty, Mr. Treloar," he said quietly, "but I'm afraid the evidence bears out Mr. French's story. The evidence is mostly circumstantial — mostly," he emphasised. "Mr. French, you say you brought the dagger away after stabbing Flecker?"

"Yes, Inspector. Not with any intent to evade the law," he said casually. "Just to mix things up a bit more."

"And the bed. There must have been blood on the bed. Mrs. French said to that, didn't you?" he turned to Cynthia.

"A bundle of old clothes for the incinerator." Cynthia gave no sign. "And the note, Mr. French?" Swinton pursued.

"And the note, Inspector—I just put that in my pocket and left it there, then when we came back from our little foray and found Mrs. Treloar in the hall all we had to do was say we'd found it there when we first came down. My wife did a fine piece of acting. She's always been an excellent dissembler."

"And where is the dagger?" Steve laughed. "Oh, you'll never find that now, Inspector." "All right, Mr. French," Swinton said grimly. "I shan't keep you much longer. Would you mind sitting down now for a moment?" He took several quick puffs at his pipe, creating a smokescreen. "Now then, Mr. French certainly had motive, and he had his victim here in his house, sick and prostrate. His typewriter was used to type the lists, and his wife has admitted that she saw at least one attempt at a list that he'd made."

"He had knowledge of the district — he knew the spot along the road where the car was found—he's told us very exactly about taking the body downstairs — the back stairs open off a little passage just at the side of the master bedroom. He had the weapon, he's told us. We haven't found it, and Mr. French won't divulge its hiding-place." He looked at Primrose. "Get Hay, will you?"

Primrose went out. Swinton glanced at Des, then on to Joanna. "All right, Mr. Treloar, don't get excited." But he was watching Mrs. Treloar, who just at that moment was staring at Jack Simmonds with a calculat-

ing eye. She'd got some notion in her clever little head, obviously, and he hoped that she wouldn't resort to poison again.

The door opened. "Mr. French, I'd like you to meet Sergeant Hay."

"How d'you do?" Steve said graciously.

Swinton got up. "Come along, Mr. French," he said, "you too, Hay. Take him to the study," he said in a low voice, "and stay alert."

Sergeant Hay left with Steve.

Swinton turned to Pamela. "Miss Atkinson, you might as



"You REALLY fixed my steam iron this time."

well go back to your room." He looked at the others. "I think the ladies might retire. It's just after eleven."

Betty stood up. "What about my husband? Can't he come too?"

Jack waved her away. "I'll sit it out. There's something screwy. You go, dear."

"Not without you. How about you, Joanna?" Joanna shook her head. Not just yet, she thought. It had to be the right moment. She'd give Pam time to get to sleep—she didn't want her to wake up just at the wrong time.

"How much longer you going to keep us here, Inspector?" Bill said irritably. "You've got it all sewn up, haven't you?" "Not much longer," Swinton opened the door. "Give me ten minutes, Primrose. Yes, yes, keep calm, Mr. Treloar, then I'll see you. Ten minutes."

SWINTON, back in the library, went straight to his overcoat, which was flung irreverently over a Georgian secretaire. He fumbled agitatedly in the pocket and brought out a paper bag, crossed to the desk, sat down, and lovingly tore the bag open. He bit into a cold meat pie and a look of immense peace came over his face. He employed his ten minutes in thought, and the pies, as usual, helped. There was something about the mastication that helped him to concentrate.

He looked particularly stodgy and uncomprehending, but actually he was unhappy. He was unhappy that anyone should expect him to believe the tarradiddle of nonsense he'd just been subjected to by Mr. French. Only a mixed-up, self-centred man like French would expect it. He knew there was some truth in it—that's just where French thought he was being so clever. Dismissing Steve but not his story, he went on to develop the idea he'd had earlier. The formulation was good—if it would work. If only Simpson would ring it might simplify matters.

It could work—the elements were there; he was lucky about that—all the strings tuned and the bow ready, needing only the resin of action. He finished the second pie and looked longingly towards his overcoat,

where there were more paper bags. Reluctantly he decided against it. Mary'd have a fit if she knew he'd had two after that big dinner.

There was a trick somewhere. Someone—or fate—had played a trick on him, so he had every right to retaliate. That third attempt—that scientific attack—how could Simpson expect him to believe that hadn't been a telling blow? That knife in the throat... the planning of it... there was only one person present, to Swinton's way of thinking, who would nurse a grudge for years, wait for the opportunity—an opportunity that was surrounded by all the props of dramatic climax—build up the sub-plots, use everything that came to hand no matter who was implicated—the more the better—and then strike...

On the heels of excitement came depression, the depression that always caught up with him at this stage—the feeling that the game was nearly over, another victim being prepared for sacrifice, the law that demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth about to be fulfilled. It was his duty. With his highly imaginative plan in mind, he put aside the deeper insight that was never allowed to interfere with that duty, got up, brushed the crumbs from his stomach, and strode to the door. The telephone rang. It was Simpson.

"Speaking... yes?" Swinton said tensely.

"This'll rock you, old friend—more than it does me. The poison was harmless."

"Harmless," Swinton repeated stupidly.

"The work of a novice. Not enough, not by a long chalk. Salts of lemon, good old-fashioned stuff. It's a cleaning agent."

"I don't give a damn what it is," Swinton said roughly. "Anyway, she told me. Sure of that?"

"I know you're not really questioning our ability," Simpson said. "It's just that you're upset, and I don't blame you. The poison had been in the stomach roughly an hour before death, perhaps a little more. It didn't kill him, Bert; I doubt if he even noticed it much. If he had the hangover you say he had, he was uncomfortable enough, anyway. Then he got the chest wound—that would take his mind off other things, too. Then something happened—before the knife entered the carotid. But it wasn't the poison that killed him."

"Thank heavens for that!" Swinton said slowly. Then he added: "You're trying to tell me that someone else had a go at him, too—some fourth person?"

"I'm not trying to tell you anything."

"You're being very mysterious—what about this other opinion?"

"Yes, he's coming. Expecting him any time. Mind if I have a spot of dinner? Interesting case, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's certainly an interesting case. Look here, Jack, if you come up with something outlandish..."

"You never know, it might save you a lot of tedious work. Goodbye for a little while."

"Cheers." He rang off. He stood there thinking. Not the poison, not the chest wound, and not, according to Simpson, the other wound. Yet he'd died, somehow or other.

Yes, it was clear now, Joanna thought, up to a point. The time was right. She just had to make sure who. She'd no idea what it was that Des was bursting to say to the Inspector. He'd just gone in there now. He apparently

had his secrets, too. But did it all hinge on this one small thing? That poor Inspector how could he possibly know? Without being told? Well, it was up to her now to find out. Characteristically, it didn't enter her intrepid head to tell anyone, to seek assistance. This was her responsibility. It was normal practice to Joanna to follow a thing through, to continue with any undertaking she felt, rightly or wrongly, was hers.

It wasn't a nice conclusion. Was she right? Was every passing swallow a bird of prey? But it could not be any other way. It was an ordinary enough guise, but it was the guise of a killer. She'd do it now. Betty would remain with Jack, always the faithful squaw.

Joanna didn't have to simulate tiredness; her eyes were heavy and her limbs felt shackled with fatigue. She yawned, stood up, and stretched aimlessly, then flopped back in her chair again. Yet she wasn't even certain whom she was trying to lull into a false sense of safety, or even whether it was necessary—whether whoever it was knew she was a potential source of danger. She met Bill's amused eyes, and she knew Primrose was watching.

"Bored to death?" Bill said.

"Heavens, yes. Not so much bored as completely fagged out. I think I will go to bed, Mr. Primrose," Joanna said with a piteous smile. "Will you tell my husband when he comes back?"

"Certainly," Primrose said, standing up. "You be all right?"

"Oh, yes, thanks. Er—has Mr. French gone?"

"Not yet. No."

"Oh, good. Poor Steve! I do understand why he did it, though. Goodnight, everyone." She smiled bleakly and slowly left the room, dragging her feet along the passage to the stairs and up. Halfway she came alive and raced the rest of the way, beginning with the French's bedroom.

"Now, Mr. Treloar," Swinton said, "sorry to keep you waiting. You've got something particular you want to tell me?"

"Yes, Inspector," Des said bluntly. "The most particular thing is that Steve just wouldn't do it. He wouldn't take such a revenge."

"Not even if he lost his balance temporarily?"

"You mean he's mad? Nonsense, Inspector! He's enjoying it. Why should he bother about William, anyway? Cynthia hasn't been unfaithful. He knows that. She knows he knows."

"You really believe he's making it up?" Swinton sounded incredulous.

"Not all of it. He really hated William. He's really glad he's dead. But he didn't do it. He's just amusing himself by making the facts fit. For the first time in his life he's got an audience; he feels big; he's sure of himself."

"Why are you so certain?"

"I know him, Inspector."

"Not good enough. Haven't you discovered how little you can know even people you think you know best of all? Why, even husbands and wives..." He was wondering what Des would say if he knew about Joanna poisoning William.

"You'd never convince me, Inspector—not in a million years. It's not Steve's method."

"Look, Mr. Treloar, I only met Mr. French yesterday. On all the evidence I've got I'd

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say he's temperamentally unstable and unsound."

"Only because of the circumstances. None of us is normal right now."

Swinton scratched his head. "It's just like I always said — a man needs a steady job. You know what I think, Mr. Treloar? I think it's sinful that people with nothing better to do can sit about pre-empting emotions they don't feel."

Des ignored this. "Inspector, did you know Bill Baynes has been married?"

"Yes. Mr. French told me. Why?"

"She was someone he picked up. They didn't know her, but I did. I met her because I was doing some alterations to his house. He's a peculiar chap. He was doing a Pygmalion and enjoying it. A sort of loving experiment — love for the experiment, not for her. He's cold-blooded."

"French told me she committed suicide."

"I've always thought he practically forced her into it. What made me think of it — Steve saying about William seducing his wife."

"Well?"

"Bill's young wife was seduced, too — after only a few months of marriage."

"Is that all the connection?"

"No. The seducer was William. Bill doesn't know I know. I haven't told anyone — only my wife. She wouldn't give it away. I found her crying one day — she told me. She was young and she was ignorant, and Bill was putting her through a refined kind of torture."

"You think she was forced into suicide?"

"Yes."

"And Baynes knew it was Flecker?"

"No doubt of it. Virginia had told him."

"Virginia?" Swinton's voice was so sharp that Des looked at him in astonishment. "Virginia?" Swinton said again, "was that Mrs. Baynes' name?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Remember Virginia?" — the item on the lists Flecker had received through the post. Baynes knew, of course. And Treloar knew. Did anyone else know about Virginia? He asked Des.

"I'm sure they didn't," Des said. "Only my wife."

"Did you send those lists to Flecker?" Swinton asked abruptly.

"Of course not, Inspector. That's not my method."

Oh, it fitted together now, horribly. Swinton remembered what Baynes had said — that bit about "no man putting up with that sort of thing." Yes, it fitted. More, it confirmed his suspicion; it was what he'd been looking for. If it were true, it gave Baynes a terrible motive.

"Why didn't his wife leave him?"

Des shrugged. "I guess she didn't want to work in a factory again."

"Does Baynes come here to Thornton often?"

"Oh, yes. Has the run of the house."

Swinton rang the bell. In a few moments Philippa came. "Where's the other maid?"

"She's off duty, sir. She's gone home to Windsor, because she's off tomorrow as well."

Swinton was annoyed. His orders had been that no one was to leave the house. That meant no one.

"Perhaps you can help me," he said affably. "I'm just trying to get the picture whole. Everything fits in somewhere, you see. Does Mr. Baynes come often to the house?"

"Oh, yes, Inspector."

"Even if Mr. and Mrs. French are absent?"

"Oh, yes; he always has. For years. Of course, Mrs. French is here mostly."

"Yes. He has the run of the place?"

"Yes, Inspector. He's quite at home here. He often uses Mr. French's study."

"Yes, it would be very handy for him. Uses the typewriter, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, Inspector."

"What about Mr. Simmonds?"

"Does he drop in sometimes?"

"Well . . . he has, yes. But not very often."

"Within, say, the last couple of months?"

"Only two or three times, I think."

"And he'd have the run of the house?"

"Yes, Inspector." She looked at him a moment, then burst out, "Mr. and Mrs. French are very casual in that way. Anybody could go off with anything."

"Well, thank you very much, my dear."

She smiled at Des. "Mr. Treloar drops in, too, Inspector."

Des laughed. Philippa smiled again and left the room.

"Seems to be open house here," Swinton growled.

"I must say it's fascinating the way you elicit information," Des said approvingly.

And the way everyone withholds it, Swinton thought sourly.

THE Frenchs' bedroom didn't take long. Behind all the doors, just in case. Out again into the passage. Quickly now. Past William's bedroom on the right, the head of the stairs on the left, to the Simmonds' room beyond. How awful if Betty came up! What on earth could she say? But Betty won't come up without Jack. Heavens, suppose they both come up! It was done now, she was out again in the passage. Now there was only one left, the one opposite Pamela's at the end of the passage. It was a bit ghastly up here alone after . . . Only one left? Him? She went in. It didn't take long, but she wasn't quite quick enough. The door opened.

"Why, Jol!" Bill said, with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Whatever would Des say!" His icy front was broken. He looked at her through lowered lashes. "I didn't know you cared," he added quizzically.

"I'm sorry, Bill." Her heart was pounding. "It was a mistake."

He caught her wrist.

"That's not a very kind thing to say, my dear."

"Let me go. Please, Bill, let me go."

"Why should I? You're in my room. What are you doing here, setting traps?"

She wrenched her arm away and ran to the door, but he caught her again.

"You women are very interfering, aren't you? Why don't you leave things alone?"

She was pressed against the door, panting.

"Why are you here?" he snapped. The change was frightening.

"I . . . I was just looking for something."

"For what?"

"For . . . for a dressing-gown."

"Why? Have you lost one?"

She laughed wildly. "Yes, I have. I mislaid it somewhere."

His fingers dug into her

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wrist. "And when were you in here to mislay it?"

"Please," she begged, "not so loud!"

"Maybe," he said slowly, "maybe you ought to scream for help," and he placed his other hand over her mouth.

She struggled violently from side to side, punching him with her free hand.

"Now tell me what you're really snooping about for?" He forced her mouth, still holding her wrist with his other hand.

"There's something fishy about you—ever since yesterday afternoon. Well?"

She looked at him appealingly. "I've been in everyone's rooms. Bill—not just yours—the bathrooms, too. I... I lost a brooch."

"So you hunt through my wardrobe! Nuts! People make me sick! Get out! Go on! Be gone!" He opened the door and pushed her roughly into the passage. He got some tobacco from a drawer, followed her out, and locked the door behind him, pocketing the key. Then he stalked away towards the stairs without another word.

Joanna leaned against the wall. But she mustn't stay here... just get her breath back first. Her mystery wasn't solved. She must have been mistaken, after all. Well, she might as well go to her own room, maybe wash her hands and face, brush her hair. Then she'd go downstairs again, say she couldn't sleep.

She closed the door behind her, took off her earrings and threw them on the bed. Then she turned and sat on the bed, wiggling her toes as she kicked her shoes off, her eyes wandering vaguely and tiredly over Cynthia's beautiful decorating effect and their own transitory intrusion into it... their weekend things that she now saw clearly would be from now on forever alien here. Their things... her eyes were on the door... their things... she felt shudderingly sick.

Primrose came into the dining-room. He looked them over—those who were there. Joanna, who'd been nearer to hunting than she'd ever been, had come back to life and reality, feeling tired and sick and hopeless... and, in some way she couldn't define, cheered. She'd come downstairs again, back to this room she now hated. Des, fresh from his talk with the Inspector, had looked at her searchingly... "Couldn't sleep; but leave me alone." Then Swinton had sent for her, told her that her little dose of salts of lemon had been harmless. But the news had been too late in bringing her any relief.

Simmonds was recumbent in

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a low chair with his eyes closed. Betty sat at the table with her head buried on her arms. Cynthia was savoring her role to the full—that of a woman whose man has killed for love of her—with cynical pride. Bill sat reading.

"Everyone here?" Primrose said brusquely. "Miss Atkinson not here?"

"Obviously not," Cynthia said. "Didn't she go to bed?"

"She'll have to get up again."

"I'll get her, then. I don't

"Pam," she called.

She pushed the door open and went in, still holding the handle. She clung to it for support. She felt ill. It wasn't just like before at all. Waves of nausea almost blinded her, but not enough to dispel the sight of the body lying there on the bed—Pam's body, the head horribly twisted, the livid face, the stocking trailing...

thought her shallow and silly and affected, as well as immoral, yet now she seemed to him indescribably gallant lying there.

He turned away and strode to the door full of his grim purpose. He closed the door and locked it, then went downstairs to the group waiting below. They knew he could see. Cynthia had told them. He handed the key to Primrose.

"Get on to headquarters. I don't care what time it is—doctor, fingerprints, photographs, ambulance, the lot. Then come to the dining-room."

He strode to the study door and opened it. "Bring French to the dining-room," he said peremptorily. He turned back to the others. "No one's getting any rest till I get to the bottom of this. The dining-room, please."

When they were all inside, huddled together with shock, Swinton closed the door behind him and looked round with distaste.

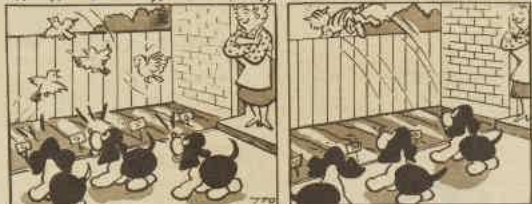
"The other one—Flecker—is remote," he said without preamble. "He's dead, but it was cold and calculated and untouching. This is different." His voice was deep with anger. "This is blind panic, utter brutality. And she thought she'd killed him, poor kid."

The threat in his voice boded ill for someone.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



think she'd care to have an official bargaining in. It's essential, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so, Mrs. French. Inspector Swinton wants everyone here."

Cynthia got up.

"How much longer is this going on, Mr. Hawthorn?"

"Primrose, Madam—Serjeant Primrose. Not much longer, let's hope. We're anxious to finish, too."

Cynthia brushed past him, went along the passage to the hall, and turned to the stairs.

She went up. How quiet it was up here. Lonely. She'd never noticed that before, not even when she was all alone in the house. She shivered. Would it always be like this now, or would things settle down again into the dearly loved routine?

She knocked on Pamela's door. No answer. Just like before. She knocked again. This time there was no voice telling her to go away. Oh, well, duty came first, even if the wretched female was asleep. She turned the handle and opened the door a fraction.

She turned and ran screaming along the corridor and down the stairs. Tears streamed from her eyes and the stairs swam in front of her. There were people at the bottom waiting for her. Where had they all come from? She didn't know she was screaming.

Something had been annoying her and now she knew what it was. The Inspector was shaking her. She tried to brush his hands away. It was Des who pushed himself in between them.

"Stop that, Inspector. For heaven's sake!"

"What is it, Mrs. French? What's the matter?" Swinton asked roughly.

She buried her face on Des' shoulder, then gradually drew away, looking round in horror at their white faces.

"Stay here, Primrose," Swinton went up the stairs two at a time. He raced along the passage to the wide-open door at the end. He paused in the doorway. He could see all he needed to see from there, but he went in and over to the bed, looking down at the actress. He was deeply moved. He'd

JOANNA was weeping quietly, Betty was weeping noisily. Cynthia's tears, tears of shock, were over now and her face was stony. He looked at the men. There was bewilderment on Treloar's face and an expression of determined exaltation on French's. Only the other two looked as usual but more so; Baynes' icier, Simmonds' grimmer.

"I think it's time we put our cards on the table," Swinton said sourly.

They waited.

"This puts the lid on your phony confession, Mr. French. Miss Atkinson is dead—murdered."

Steve stared, his mouth open foolishly. Primrose came in.

"The pattern was taking shape," Swinton went on. "Someone discovered this and so Miss Atkinson had to be killed. Strangled."

He walked over to the table, pulled out a chair, dragged it back to just inside the door and sat down facing them.

"Someone's getting panicky," he continued stonily. "Miss Atkinson's death wasn't calculated. It was an error, a very stupid error that isolates the murderer. Let's go over events, shall we?"

He watched them carefully; his eyes would miss nothing. As for his audience, this ghastly new development had them confused and demoralised.

"Flecker was found dead in his car, driven into some bushes at the side of the road about four miles from here. At a spot selected by Mr. French, who knows every inch of the road. That part of his story's true. We were supposed to think, as Mr. French has said, that it was a roadside murder. Just a few moments' investigation was enough to change our minds. Flecker was dead, propped behind the steering-wheel, scientifically stabbed just here, in the carotid—a fatal wound," he pointed to the spot. "He'd also been stabbed in the chest, a surface wound that bled a bit but was harmless."

He had all their attention now. He saw amazement on all their faces. All, without exception.

"There were some puzzling and intricate features. The chest wound had been bound up with a towel not very competently. There were no fingerprints on the car, particularly

the doors—none at all. They'd been wiped off. We've since discovered that Flecker was also poisoned."

They were looking at one another now, furtively; suspicion and distrust on all their faces.

"Flecker received threats through the post, as you know—typewritten lists that each contained an item, 'Get rid of William.' There was a similar handwritten list found here at a weekend party last April. There's no doubt at all that whoever sent those threats through the post was somebody who was here in April—that is, one of you people here."

"What about Miss Atkinson?" Simmonds asked.

"Be quiet," Swinton growled. "The lists were typed on the machine here in Mr. French's study. But it didn't have to be Mr. French who typed them. Several people have access to that typewriter—Mrs. French, Mr. Baynes, Mr. Simmonds, Mr. Treloar—no doubt their wives, too. Mr. and Mrs. French apparently throw their house open to all and sundry."

"But, Inspector," Bill said, "it doesn't follow that the person who sent the threats is the murderer."

"It doesn't follow, Mr. Baynes, but I think we'll find that it did. I think we'll find that the person who sent the threats has intended to get rid of Mr. Flecker for a long time, seized on the idea presented by the original list here in April, softened up his victim—or

hers, as the case may be—and came here this weekend prepared to kill."

"Flecker's headache was another little item that played into the murderer's hands. When you all came here this weekend you believed Flecker was going away. That didn't put our murderer off—he wanted Flecker removed for good for some long-standing reason. The fact that Flecker announced a delay in the trip made an extra spur."

"Now then, as regards Mr. French's story—let's have the truth now, shall we, Mr. French? Don't embroider it, please—it won't do any good. I'll tell you why later. You went to Flecker's room and found the body—why did you go there?"

Steve glared. "To tell him he had to apologise to Pam or else."

"And you found him dead?"

"Yes. And the note he'd written."

"Quite so, Mr. French. So you interfered. But not to avoid a scandal in your house. You had another reason, didn't you? You were glad to find him dead, so you elaborated just to prove how clever you were—even arrest and conviction weren't too great a price to pay for this final victory over a man you hated."

Steve smiled quietly to himself.

"You got your wife to help you. You took the body down those handy back stairs, drove Flecker in his car while your wife followed in hers, set the scene, came back, and told

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USEFUL ASSORTMENT of designs to put that extra "hand touch" on ready-made garments or household linens. Embroidery transfer No. 185 includes motifs for practically every embroidery purpose. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 29, 1959

FLU



4 WAYS

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (L.B.Q.) Tablets with their effective 4-way action are made especially to defeat flu and colds. Millions of people all over the world take L.B.Q.'s to:

1. Reduce nasal stuffiness.
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Two tablets after meals and two at bedtime bring swift, effective relief from these discomforts. Ask your chemist for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (L.B.Q.) Tablets.

GROVE'S L.B.Q.

Laxative Bromo Quinine
Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., Sydney
G.S.O.A.

soothes itching HAEMORRHOIDS quickly!

Are you suffering the torture of haemorrhoids? Then here's the new home for you! DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—soothe and lubricate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOAN'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's still so gentle. Don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today.

Dear Angela—
Were you really so different from all the others the night we met? Or was it your morning freshness?

STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE

WITH **Stained**
The Deodorant you can trust

STOP CORNS

FASTEST WAY KNOWN

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

End corn pain instantly with these world-famous, super-soft pads. Soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs remove corns. Suits also for Callouses, Bunions. 3/- packet at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.



FOR LOVELIER HAIRSETS
Concentrated Curlypet gives you 15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10 So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

For people who think—
The Observer

Australia's first fortnightly review.
1/6 from your Newsagent.

everyone you'd found the note in the hall. You passed the note around during the evening, just to make sure of an embarrassment of fingerprints. Is that right?"

"Yes, Inspector," Steve smiled.

"Very clever," Swinton said, and Steve showed his pleasure.

Cynthia, who had listened, sickened, while her new nobility was so swiftly torn to shreds, now saw not just feet of clay but the whole figure of clay that was her husband.

"You coward!" she said intimately to Steve, as though they were alone. "You're a coward, a liar, and a fraud. You let me believe you did it—you a hero . . . I should have known better! I'd have done anything to save you, defend you—what a chance!—the jealous husband, the daring act, taking a risk, brave and adventurous and confident! You're not a man at all," she said softly and witheringly. "You're a failure, always longing to bask in someone else's success. But I won't divorce you, Steve. You needn't worry about that."

Steve had withdrawn into himself. Swinton, stolidly filling his pipe, thought: Now she's let off steam and can be herself again, brittle and hard and selfish, but herself . . . But what'll happen to him, poor devil!

"Well, let's get back to business," he said. "Miss Atkinson was the only one of you who admitted to seeing Flecker after 5.30 yesterday."

"Pain did?" Betty exclaimed.

"Yes, Mrs. Simmonds. Miss Atkinson inflicted the chest wound."

There was an intake of breath.

"Don't blame her," Simmonds said.

"Whether you blame her or not is beside the point. The wound was harmless, anyway. Just a surface stab—she wasn't a killer—plenty of blood and not much else. It was the other knife wound that showed knowledge and purpose."

"Did she use the dagger from her belt?" Cynthia asked.

"Yes. You put us on the track of that. But you didn't incriminate Miss Atkinson—she told us all about it herself."

Cynthia flushed angrily.

"We've had further medical reports. The poison also was the work of a novice—an inexperienced person whose real aim was to frighten Flecker. It doesn't matter who—that's all over and done with."

"Is it usual to let criminals go scot-free, Inspector?" Bill asked.

"Not criminals—no."

Joanna said, "It was me."

"Joanna!" Cynthia cried unbelievably.

"Jo!" Des turned to her, but she shrank away from him.

"Everyone's gone crackers!" Simmonds said.

SWINTON continued, "Now we come to the other stabbing—the stabbing done by someone who knew the place to go for." He paused, then spoke with deliberate emphasis. "This would have been instant death."

There was a strained silence.

"What'd you mean—would have been?" Des asked.

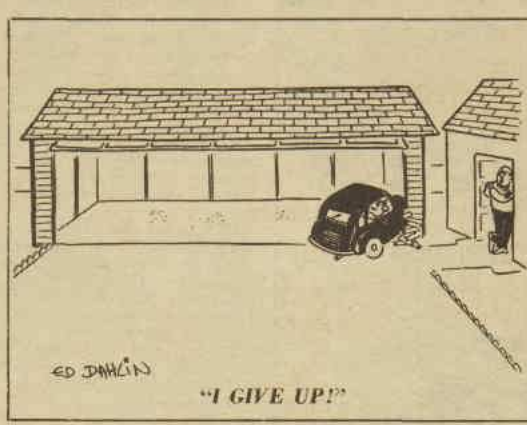
"Because Flecker was already dead when the attack was made."

he was dead already." He added slowly, "Therefore, somebody else killed him, too."

Joanna was motionless, listening tensely to every word, watching every move. She sat withdrawn from Des.

"We've already got three murderers here, according to you, Inspector. Are you looking for a fourth?" Simmonds was supercilious.

"Yes, Mr. Simmonds. The medical examination is still going on. We'll soon know the real cause of death, unless someone would like to tell us now." He looked round at



them. Those kind eyes are like steel now, Joanna thought, shivering. "Whoever killed Miss Atkinson is also Flecker's murderer. It's not Mr. French—he was in the study with Sergeant Hay."

"I don't think I can face much more of this," Cynthia said faintly.

"It's got to be faced." The dogged voice brooked no escape. "Someone went upstairs and killed Miss Atkinson."

"Well, it wasn't me," Des said quickly. "I was in here till you wanted me in the library. Then I came back in here, didn't I, Sergeant Primrose?"

Primrose agreed. Swinton waved his hand in dismissal. "You might have gone upstairs before you came back in here, Mr. Treloar."

Des went white with anger.

"He didn't, sir," Primrose said. "I was at this door—he left the library and came straight back here."

"Who else left this room?" Swinton went on.

"I did," Joanna said. "I went upstairs."

"Did you see anything?" Swinton asked.

Joanna shook her head dumbly.

"I went upstairs, too," Bill said grimly.

"Yes?"

"I saw something."

"You did, Mr. Baynes? What did you see?"

"I saw Mrs. Treloar snooping about."

Des jumped up threateningly. "What's the big idea, Bill? What are you playing at?"

"She was in my room looking, she said, for a brooch that might have rolled under the door. Or was it earrings? Or doesn't it matter?" he added sneeringly.

"Did anyone else leave this room, Sergeant?" Swinton asked.

Primrose looked round at them. "Yes, Inspector. Mr. Simmonds was away for a short while."

"No!" Betty cried.

"Don't be silly," Simmonds said to his wife. "Yes, I was away a short while, but I didn't go upstairs. If you must know, I went to the cloakroom in the hall. It's only human," he added.

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 57

"That's as may be," Swinton said equivocally. "It seems we have a wide choice—a choice between Mrs. Treloar, Mr. Baynes, Mr. Simmonds, and Mrs. French."

"I?" Cynthia said coldly. He looked at her levelly.

"You could have staged the discovery, Mrs. French—the discovery of a murder you yourself went up to make sure of."

"You're out of your mind," Cynthia said.

silence full of snapping nerves and stifled accusation.

"One of you did."

Joanna got up. She moved away from Des and stood beside Betty's chair. Her mouth felt full of cotton-wool.

"Tell him, Des," she said. "Tell him what?" Her face was expressionless.

"It's all right, Des. I know. You didn't kill Pam . . . the Inspector knows you couldn't have . . . tell him about the other . . ."

"What other?" Swinton's voice was a lash.

"The paisley," Joanna said. She swayed a little and put out her hand to a chair. They were all staring at her. Des jumped up and came towards her, but she waved him off.

"Can't you see she's worn out?" Des shouted furiously. "She doesn't know what she's saying. Leave her alone."

"I do know what I'm saying. That's why I went upstairs . . . what I was looking for, Bill. You know where I found it? . . . In our room!" She laughed. "I didn't think of looking in our room."

"Sit down, Mr. Treloar. Now then, what were you looking for, Mrs. Treloar?"

"The bathrobe. I saw it come out of William's room—the one it must have been. It meant nothing at the time. Then when you were talking about one man in a bathrobe looking much like another I remembered the paisley."

SHE laughed again. "The funny thing is—I had to search to find out who had a paisley bathrobe. And who d'you think it was? . . . My husband. I hope you don't hang people on evidence of things seen, Inspector. See how unreliable memory and vision are." She stood there swaying, her hands over her face.

Des sat rigid. Slowly, one after the other, they had all looked towards him. He laughed shortly.

"All right. I had a go at William."

"Des," Steve said wonderingly.

At a nod from Swinton, Primrose got out his notebook.

"I hated him," Des said viciously. "And all those filthy stories he put about . . . I hated him for that. I knew he did me out of that big job on the club. It wasn't that though. It was because yesterday he told Jo . . . told my wife. I hadn't let on to her that I knew why the job fell through—it's not the only job, either. She pretended she didn't know, so . . . he made us lie to each other . . . distrust each other . . . he even had Jo wondering about me . . ."

"I wish I had killed him. He was on the bed. The room was dark. I went over. He was asleep, I thought. I stabbed him where it would do most good—I learned that in the Army. But he must have been dead already. That's a laugh. Ineffectual Des—misses out all along the line."

"All right," Swinton snapped, "that's enough to charge you. Flecker wasn't lying on the bed, was he? He was packing his bag; he was getting out! The poor devil had had enough—he was ill, weak, bleeding—then you came in and he couldn't defend himself. You attacked him and overpowered him—he didn't have a chance—you stabbed him. Then you tipped his body on the bed. You're a cold-blooded murderer, Treloar, and cowardly into the bargain."

"You crazy?" Des shouted. "You just said yourself he was dead already!"

"He wasn't dead till you killed him, Treloar."

"No!" Des shouted wildly. "I tell you it's true . . . he was lying on the bed . . . D'you expect me to believe a man packs his bag, gets all ready to leave, writes a note—and then takes a nap?"

"It's true! I know now. He was dead. You said so yourself. Besides, what about Pam? I didn't kill her—do you know that. Someone else—you can't pin this on me—not now. Whoever killed Flecker killed Pam—you said so yourself."

Swinton was silent, looking at him.

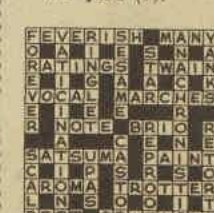
"So it couldn't have been . . ."

To page 60

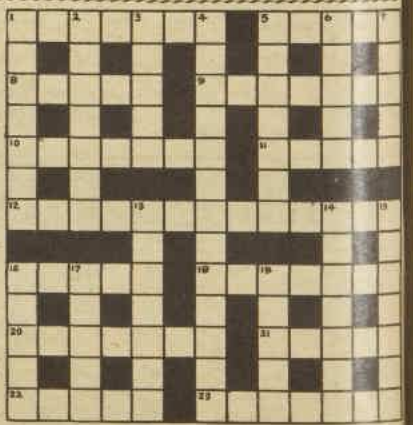
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Inscription made of minced pie on a bad path (7).
5. Can be black or white and the latter is good for raising rabbits (5).
8. Composer of "Pomp and Circumstance" (5).
9. If you deal with this you must be good in balancing (7).
10. Flow as from a source, containing a literary gossip (7).
11. Take a rest with a flower (5).
12. Resin in muscle (Anagr. 7, 6).
16. Such body may be liquid or gaseous but not solid (5).
18. Room let for musical instruction (7).
20. To be without hope is to be ripe and sad (7).
21. It is very large even in a meagre athletic (5).
22. This silky material with flower is honesty (5).
23. Hang to make us turn and spend (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Blind. Yes, with leas (7).
2. Inherent in corn (7).
3. Central courts in Roman houses (5).
4. They are either answers inflamed with passion or distilling vessels on the fire (6, 7).
5. Stands very high in the heavenly hierarchy and owns one of the quarter days (7).
6. Make a noise like a pig mostly with a dwarf (5).
7. Purvey food (5).
13. Manifesting mental absorption (7).
14. Division of the Tertiary period hiding me and no ice (7).
15. Such canine is a plum-duff (7).
16. Grows pale starting with a pet notion (5).
17. Such price is a reserved one (5).
19. Insinuates the sharpened sides of blades (5).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 29, 1955

Go to bed...and wake up...in a warm room



Extra insulation with Cane-ite for the ceiling and Cane-ite Batts placed between joists above.

Cane-ite Underlay makes floors more comfortable to walk on, insulates and "cushions" noise.

The half-inch thick Cane-ite Insulating Board goes here, between outside and inside walls.

WRAP YOUR HOME IN CANE-ITE for winter warmth...summer coolness

This Most Effective Insulation is Low Cost too

There's nothing worse than dragging yourself away from a warm fire and going to bed in an icy room. Cane-ite Insulating Board keeps the warm air from fire or radiator cosily inside, so that it can spread to other rooms instead of seeping out through chilly walls.

Cane-ite can be used in four ways:

1. as a sheath between new walls;
2. as do-it-yourself batts above new or old ceilings;
3. underneath floor coverings;
4. for ceilings in new or old homes.

Plan your home for year-round insulated comfort with Cane-ite

1. As a sheathing

If you're building, then put Cane-ite up as a sheathing around the timber frame of your home between the inside and outside walls. Cane-ite is light, easy to handle and quickly installed. This half-inch-thick insulating board not only provides you with both winter and summer insulation but swallows up unwanted noise from neighbouring homes and absorbs traffic noise from outside as well. The cost? Very low! About £43 buys enough Cane-ite to sheathe a 10-square house. Cane-ite Insulating Board is available in single sheets of up to 48 square feet. Lengths of 6', 7', 8', 9', 10' and 12'. Widths of 3' and 4'.



2. Above ceiling

If you've already built your home you can still have the extra comfort of Cane-ite insulation at small cost. Cane-ite Ceiling Batts are made to fit exactly between the ceiling joists. No nailing, no glueing needed. Just place the Batts between the joists. It's a do-it-yourself job...takes Dad no more than an hour to insulate the ceiling of a room. Cost? £5 buys sufficient Ceiling Batts to insulate an average 10' x 10' room. Keep Cane-ite in mind for the actual ceiling, too.



3. Beneath floor coverings

Cane-ite Underlay for carpets and lino seals out icy draughts from the floorboards and gives added life to floor coverings! Cane-ite Underlay "cushions" noise...irons out floorboard irregularities giving a smooth base for your carpets, linos and other floor coverings. Added floorboard insulation can be achieved by using Cane-ite Ceiling Batts beneath the floor. Batts are easily nailed into place between the floor joists. Cost to underlay an average 12' x 12' room: about £4.



Cane-ite is the only insulation board that is always white ant-proofed.

If you'd like to know more about inexpensive, year-round insulation with Cane-ite, write or phone your nearest C.S.R. Building Materials Showroom. Our insulation experts will be glad to give you free specifications, literature and any other help you may need.



Cane-ite
INSULATING BOARD

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 29, 1959

Manufactured by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD., Building Materials Division
Showrooms at: Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wallongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.
Cane-ite is available in Standard, Primed and Ivory Sheets. Also Cane-ite Acousti-tile in 3 patterns... Standard, Random and Diagonal-Stripe.

CSR612

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"Your turn for the Pears now, Mummy"

You feel as petted as your own little girl when you're smoothed and freshened all over with Pears Baby Powder. The softness of Pears is something quite special. Have you noticed?

"Don't leave me out"

"I get a real lift from a rub-down with Pears Baby Powder after my shave and shower. Pears has the fresh sort of smell I like. No heaviness to it. Suits me fine".

"It all began with me"

"I'm the one Mummy had in mind when she first chose Pears Baby Powder. For the extra purity, you know. But right away everyone's onto it! Ah well — as long as they leave plenty for me!"



Modern moisture-proof pack.

A MIRACLE OF SOFTNESS AND PURITY

PEARS BABY POWDER

—pure pleasure for all the family

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

[from page 58]

me, could it? You'll have to think again, Inspector. You haven't got anywhere yet. Just lay off me, that's all. Turn your guns on somebody else for a change — someone who did have a chance to go upstairs and strangle Pam."

He glared at Simmonds, who glared back. "Irony, isn't it, Inspector? You've got three self-confessed murderers who aren't murderers at all. Yet you can't find out whodunit." He laughed, an unpleasant sound. "Looks like William's got the laugh on you, too!"

Distrusting one another, hating one another—knowing that there was another murderer, far more vicious than any of these three, still unmasked among them. Swinton had sent Primrose to phone headquarters, they'd heard him say so. Maybe the others had arrived, the fingerprint people and the photographers and so on—they didn't know. The day had become a nightmare, their life had become a nightmare, and everyone knew that whatever happened this was the end of their cosy little circle, the end of any trust and faith they may have had in one another.

"Joanna . . ." Des began. "No, don't touch me." She moved away.

"Well, you poisoned him — what's the difference?" he said callously.

"Leave me alone."

The others listened to this voicing of the canker among them all. They were busy with the problem . . . who? Who went into William's room between Pam and Des and was diabolically clever enough to kill William in some way that the police and their doctors hadn't even discovered yet? It had to be one of . . . it had to be . . . well, there were only three it could be . . . it had to be one of three . . . it had to be Bill Baynes, Jack Simmonds, or Cynthia. Would a woman strangle another woman? If you didn't think so you were left with a choice between the men.

During the silent waiting for Primrose to return it seemed that everyone had got this far in their reasoning. Cynthia could feel eyes on her hands, assessing them, measuring their strength, remembering how extraordinarily strong they were. Jack Simmonds again lay back with closed eyes, and Betty took the sidewise glances at him to herself.

Betty just didn't know what to think; her husband wouldn't confide in her about anything, least of all murder, she thought, and she knew him well enough to know that he'd been relieved and relaxed since William's death. But whether he . . . she just didn't know at all.

Bill Baynes sat smoking his pipe, in appearance as relaxed as Swinton. He avoided Swinton's eyes. Here was an astute man, he knew, and Swinton knew that he knew.

The door opened and Primrose came in. He left the door ajar and spoke to Swinton.

"On the way," he said.

The silence continued. They could feel Swinton's eyes on them now, on all of them — watching, waiting. What was he watching and waiting for?

It wasn't so much a noise as the sense of presence that drew their eyes to the door. First one, then another, until they were all watching expectantly for some new development, perhaps just something that would serve to interrupt this awful silent waiting. The door was pushed wider. Cynthia drew in her breath hissing. Betty screamed. Pamela stood in the doorway, dressed ready to leave.

They were all visibly shaken, confused, even angry, as though they'd been done out of some-

thing. They were appalled, lied, unbelieving.

"What the devil . . ." began, and stopped.

Cynthia, after her shocked reaction, got up and then sat down again.

"Pam! Oh, I just can't bear any more! Oh, Pam! She stared in terror at a girl she'd never liked, sobbed out her gratitude, the arm of her chair. Pam stared back. Des was staring in triumph. Everyone looked more relieved than anything else now. Swinton simply sat and waited.

"But I don't understand," Cynthia cried. "When I went upstairs . . . into your room I saw you . . . the Inspector said . . ."

"Just a bit of acting, do you never thought much of me as an actress, did you? Changed your mind? I agreed to do it to try and save that nice stupid husband of yours from his crazy confessions. What a desperate method of getting away from you!"

"A very unethical trick, Inspector," Bill said severely.

"I'm not here to make good impression. Well, I fear, like to tell the real story now?"

ENJOYING

sensation she'd caused, Pam asked: "Did you find out who you wanted?"

"What do you care?" Cynthia said bitterly. "You tried hard enough to kill him."

"Inspector," Betty began, "you said . . ."

"Yes, Mrs. Simmonds."

"You said whoever killed Pam killed William."

"Yes."

"But Pam's alive."

"Yes, but Flecker's dead. We've got our man."

Everyone's eyes again turned to Des.

"I had to play a trick on all of you to get the truth out of one of you. I had to find out who really killed Flecker—who stabbed him."

"Oh, no, not Des!" Pamela was genuinely shocked.

"No, Inspector!" Joanna got up again, knotting her hands together. "You can't kill a dead man. He was poisoned first. I lied . . ."

"I lied, I tell you! I gave him other stuff, too. A pill," she added desperately.

Swinton sadly shook his head.

"Hey, what's the big idea, Des blustered. "What are you all looking at me for? The Inspector said . . ." he looked at Swinton, "you said there must have been someone else."

Swinton's eyes didn't waver.

"You're trapped, Treloar. There wasn't anyone else. Yours was the fatal blow—the only blow that could have killed him. There was no other attack. There are no other marks of any sort on the body, no other poison."

Des stood up, whirled round wildly as though he might attack someone or make a run for it, then sank down again.

"There must be some mistake," Steve said. "Things were moving too rapidly—shifting and changing patterns—one's enemy dead, one's friend in jeopardy, one's wife breathing hatred and contempt, the face of life that should now, with William dead, be smiling, taking on permanent leer."

Swinton said, "There's . . ."

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Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 10 Harris Street, Ultimo, N.S.W. For Australian readers, please address orders to Box 434, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand. For New Zealand readers, please address orders to Box 434, G.P.O., Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

FS38C.—Beginners' pattern for a baby's easy-to-make nightdress. Size, infants. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F5393.—Camisole-topped dress is covered with a wide-collared, double-breasted jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5439.—Full-skirted dress has a wide, currently fashionable belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5440.—Sheath dress has a demure back-buttoning jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, ½ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/-.



F9380

F5440

F5400

F5441.—Attractively designed dress has pin-tucking detail on the bodice, a sash-style belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material, ½ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.

F5400.—Dress has contrasting bands let into the gathered skirt to match the Peter Pan collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material, 2 yds. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 993 — ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white-spotted cambric with a color choice of pink, blue, green and red.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 26/3, 36 and 38in. bust 26/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 994 — TABLE-RUNNER
The daisy-design table-runner is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen. Color choice includes white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green.
Size: 12in. x 36in. 9/3. Postage 1/- extra.

No. 995 — LUNCHEON SET
The flower-design luncheon set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen with a color choice of white, blue, cream, lemon, pink, and green.
Sizes: Centre mat 11in. x 15in., plate mats 9in. x 14in., cup-and-saucer mats 5in. x 5in., serviettes 11in. x 11in.
Nine-piece set (1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, 4 cup-and-saucer mats) 17/6. Postage 2/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set (1 centre mat, 6 plate mats, 6 cup-and-saucer mats) 22/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra. Serviettes 1/9 each. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 996 — FULL-SKIRTED DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped cambric. Color choice includes aqua and white, green and white, blue and white, red and white. The cummerbund is in white poplin.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 27/9, 36 and 38in. bust 29/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

994

995

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 27



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, black.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in love.

If quite young, the one-and-only invites you on a wonderful date. If a bit older, wedding bells are not far off. If older still, you may receive a gift from your life partner. The homemaker finds the family considerate, willing to pitch in and help on the domestic front. If a parent, one of your children may receive distinction or otherwise bring you joy.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in your own home.

A keen interest in your surroundings marks this period. You may move into new quarters or rearrange your furniture to better advantage. Some of you decide to redecorate your own room or the whole house. If you frequent antique or second-hand shops, you may acquire one or two treasures. Taurus homes will be in the news.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
Luck in a communication.

Look in the letter-box, listen for the telephone bell, watch publications for an announcement which has a bearing on your affairs, problems. With the help of the printed word, or directions from an experienced person, you may deal with matters for which you are seeking a solution. If in touch with a Government department you receive good news.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, rose.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in the market place.

Apply for that job you want. Hunt for bargains so you can include a few luxuries which brighten your outlook. If you have a skill which you pursue as a hobby, consider developing it into a money-spinner; investigate possible outlets for your work. For some of you, a slightly faster pay envelope could bring a wish within your grasp.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in personal relationships.

Take the lead but don't grow bossy. Give people an imaginative idea of what you want; they will respond to the dramatic way in which you explain your plans. You give out love, understanding, and receive love in return. Your popularity is at a high with family, friends, associates, but beware of nervous strain. If a parent, an engagement is probable.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, gold.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in a quiet interlude.

The pace may slacken socially, so that you have time to attend to private affairs, home, wardrobe. Amusements are likely to be those which require no effort, such as TV, a trip to town, visits to the pictures. A book in bed or by the fire, the chance to plan future activities could fill the week pleasantly. If in love, you may not see your beloved often.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, light blue.
Gambling colors, blue, silver.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
Luck in group activities.

If you're a voluntary worker, you'll be busy with a new project. You may raise funds for a good cause, organize a social event, or perhaps found a society for a special purpose. If young, you may plan programmes for a club, either sporting or educational. You find enjoyment through membership in a group. Romance could develop.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, red.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in social life or business.

Your career is highlighted. If in paid employment, you take a step up, are given greater responsibility. If a homemaker, you enter a new circle, are drawn into important community projects. If young, you become a debutante, appear in an amateur play or musical event. Your standing is enhanced by favorable publicity.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in travel.

Your sign is never so happy as when on the move, whether it's merely a day's travel on the weekend or a long trip overseas. Those who cannot leave home at present find pleasure in planning for approaching school holidays or next summer's trip. Read about places you hope to visit. If it's a working holiday, arrangements should be made long in advance.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck in good management.

As the budgeteer you shine. You may be tempted to save faithfully, then splash the proceeds on one glorious burst, but this time you stick to your programme. If a homemaker, enlist the co-operation of the family. If young, make a game of saving; watch the sum grow, it could mean a wonderful holiday, a new spring outfit, or a present.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, black.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in a partnership.

If you are thinking of a little speculation, have a partner; you'll be more fortunate than alone. If you play any game, your partner will be an important factor in your success. Should you enter a competition, you and your partner are likely to win an award. Those who have been dating regularly may decide to make it a life partnership.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in renewed vitality.

This is the time to catch up on your beauty sleep, watch your diet, experiment with a new hairstyle, give yourself a physical and mental lift. Relief from a minor complaint should produce energy, zest for living. See that you get plenty of exercise. If this week is socially quiet, prepare now for an exciting chapter due to begin.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . .

GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 60

mistake." He looked round at them all in a defeated sort of way. "You'll have to come to headquarters, I'm afraid. Formal statements will be required from all of you. Please get ready to leave in ten minutes. Primrose, get a man to go up with Treloar while he packs his things. You, too, Mrs. Treloar."

Des stared. He wasn't looking at anyone there; he was looking at the past, at William, at his hatred.

Swinton waited. He felt grey and old and beaten. Something, somewhere, had let him down, and he didn't know what or when. What a case! It wasn't just their evasiveness . . . it was almost as though Flecker himself had played the Inspector a trick. He'd never felt so baffled before.

"Phone, Inspector, in the library." Primrose came in, followed by a plainclothes man.

Swinton left them to it and went along to the library. It was Simpson. His voice was tired but triumphant.

"Well? Found your murderer?"

"I have," Swinton said grimly.

"Tell you what—I bet you a bottle of Scotch you've got the wrong man."

"I've got the man all right. Stop your games. Have you finished cutting him up?"

"Yes, Inspector."

"Well?" Silence from the other end. "Look, Simpson, just tell me this. Could he have had some sort of a shock—some big emotional shock? Wouldn't that affect the flow of blood?" It would, wouldn't it? There must be something to account for the lack of blood—that scientific knifing killed him all right. There wasn't anything else."

Simpson said slowly, "Brace yourself, old friend. I knew all along. Now I've got my consultant's opinion to make doubly sure—sure of the time of death. Know what your corpse died of?"

"For heaven's sake, Simpson!"

"Cerebral hemorrhage."

"What!"

"I tried to drive it into your thick head—I warned you not to jump to conclusions—that knife wound was inflicted after death. But oh, no, you would have it . . ."

"You sure of this?" Swinton growled.

"Quite sure."

"Stone the crows, why didn't you let me know sooner?"

"Heavens, man, you send me a corpse that's been stabbed twice and poisoned into the bargain—then you expect me to see at a glance the exact time he died from natural causes. What sort of a house party is that, anyway?"

"Rotten." His voice was bitter. "O.K., Simpson, what brand d'you like? The best, I suppose. Be seeing you. Don't let anyone shoot that fellow, will you?"

He hung up. He stood there thinking. All so simple now. It had to be. Poor wretch! The irony of it! If they'd let him alone he'd have died anyway and left them all in peace. No peace for any of them now.

They were all ready to leave, Des under strict custody. Swinton gave them a bleak look. The ashes were in his own mouth. Des stared back at him.

"Just remember that spot, Inspector, if ever you want to kill anyone. Baynes wrote a poem about it—called 'Jap Sniper.' It begins, 'I know the

place, halfway between heart and eyes . . . It never fails."

"It failed," Swinton said. "He died of cerebral hemorrhage."

He couldn't have planned a greater effect.

"He was dying when he got the first knife—even when he was poisoned. He was dead when you got at him, Treloar. By the way, what did you do with the knife?"

"Are the gifts still there?" Des asked. "I suppose they are. There's one in red paper, Inspector. You'll find it in that. It's not a knife, it's scissors. I put them back this morning."

Joanna laughed hysterically, without mirth. "Oh, I must tell you, Inspector. Specially long, specially sharp, he said they had to be when I was going to buy them—long sharp scissors for his Press cuttings" . . . she began to cry like a little girl, her face all screwed up . . . "it wasn't a nice present . . . we were having a dig at him . . . oh! She realised the implication of what she'd said."

Swinton shrugged. "Very clever, Treloar. I don't know what the charges will be, if any—it's no longer my affair. Legally there's been no murder. Not for want of anyone trying."

Pam broke down into unrestrained sobbing, regardless of make-up. "You all hated him . . . all of you!"

"At least I didn't try to kill him," Cynthia commented acidly.

BILL BAYNES

overcoat on arm, had been quietly assimilating the latest fantastic news. Now he threw his overcoat in a chair and laughed helplessly.

"It's rich, it really is. That moron found his own way out, after all. Best thing he's ever done. And we've all got easy consciences."

"Have you?" Swinton said. "Remember Virginia, Mr. Baynes. If you must write, stick to writing your poetry."

"How did you know?" Baynes asked in surprise.

"It wasn't very difficult. It's always hazardous committing names to paper. Someone's bound to find out, particularly when there's a murder. I know the story, Mr. Baynes—we needn't go into it further, except this—did you plan any follow-up?"

The others were watching in bewilderment. Baynes smiled.

"Of course. I had it all worked out. I got the idea in April, just as you said. That list gave me the plan for the softening-up process."

"And then?"

"It wasn't going to be here. That's why it was such a good idea to use Steve's typewriter

"Bill!" Cynthia was aghast. Pam was staring at him; revulsion made her tremble.

"These were going to be my weapon." He held out his hands, those big, warm, friendly hands that had so firm a grip. He laughed. "And there he was, a very nice corpse already."

Pamela rushed at him, clawing. He gripped her wrists.

"You filthy beast!" she cried, kicking at him viciously. She snatched her hands away and sank down sobbing. "Oh, I didn't know!" She got up again and turned to Swinton. "He's vile, Inspector, vile!"

And she broke down again, remembering with nausea the emotional weakness of her capitulation to this man who was just as much William's murderer as anyone, who had let them all be implicated in his foul plot, and then, afterwards, sneeringly, just to get the better of William, come to her room

Swinton looked at Baynes. This was the real murderer, he thought, the clever man with a plan, a long-range plan—the man who'd had to do nothing finally . . . who'd just stood by and watched . . . who'd gone to his victim's room and looked at death, and come away satisfied, avenged.

He opened the door, and stalked out, feeling sick—of himself, of them, and the way they lived. Primrose followed him, closing the door behind him. William's going-away gifts were now piled in the hall, presumably for their donors to claim. Swinton stopped and stared at them, singling out the one in blood-red paper, the long narrow one.

"What about Treloar?" Primrose said. "Can we hold him? It's attempted murder, even if the victim was dead. I mean in law. Isn't it?"

Swinton spoke wearily. "Someone else can sort that one out. Let's leave it to the higher-ups. I just don't care." He looked at his watch. It was five minutes to 1 a.m. He went on staring at the presents.

"How long d'you give them, Primrose? Those people in there? No trust, no warmth. I must be getting old. Maybe it's just the stars are bad this weekend." He went over to the pile of presents and detached the card from the red-wrapped one. It was dusty now.

"Primrose," he said, "if ever you see me getting too cocky . . . if ever I start wrapping up a case too soon—like these presents were wrapped up too soon for Flecker—just give me this, will you?"

He handed the card to Primrose.

"Just as a reminder." He hunched his shoulders and walked out of the house. Primrose looked at the card.

"Goodbye, Sweet William," he read.

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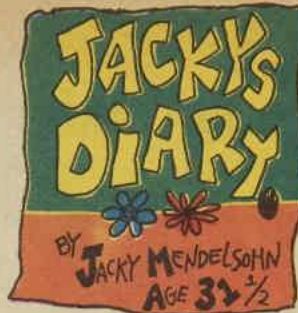
CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG'S NEW NOVEL FOR SERIAL

A dramatic two-part suspense serial begins in our next week's issue. Entitled "THE MARK OF THE HAND," it is the latest novel by that outstanding writer of suspense fiction, Charlotte Armstrong.

The happy household of widower Douglas Kilburn and his mother and small daughter, Tessa, becomes subtly disrupted after the arrival of pretty Sylvia Walsh, who is to marry Douglas. Betty Follett, nursemaid to Tessa, suspects Sylvia is dishonest when she sees Sylvia getting Tessa blamed for mysterious accidents committed by herself.

Betty is also sure Sylvia is hiding some secret from Douglas. Louth to interfere and yet afraid for his happiness, she is torn between duty and sympathy.

Don't forget to start this enthralling story next week by the writer of such stories as "The Albatross," "Mischief," "Who's Been Sitting In My Chair?"



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... Margaret Merril.



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are trying to trap the mysterious Invisible Thief. His victims say they could see nothing except a blur in the air. The police were baffled, but Mandrake has a plan to catch the thief through his vanity. He has set up a bogus laboratory,

where he claims to have perfected a device to make himself invisible. Princess Narda is left by herself in the Mandrake Laboratories. Suddenly a voice comes out of the air and an invisible hand grabs her. Narda faints and is carried from the room by an invisible man. NOW READ ON:



I do think a "Wales" cheque account would help you. It would save you running about from place to place to pay the bills for it's much easier to drop a cheque into the mail. Another thing: it's not a good idea to carry a lot of money with you. A cheque book gives you a record of payments, and also is far safer.

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